

Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1900



FOLLOW THE LIGHT ABOVE

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

'TWAS a night that was dark with shadows,
Not a star sent its cheering ray,
And the clouds that hung low and heavy
Seemed to close o'er my lonely way.
Through the forest the path was hidden
In the gloom of the starless night,
But above, through the parted branches,
I could see a faint line of light.

There are shadows of pain and sorrow
That are shrouding our path with woe,
And we falter amid the darkness,
O'er the way that our feet must go,
But above us the light is shining,
Though we see but a tiny ray,
And the soul that "looks up" shall find it,
For it leads to a brighter day.

There are sins that the midnight darkness,
With its danger and death, portrays;
And the snare of the world's allurements
Like the gloom of the night, dismays.
But the soul that is tried and tempted
May be safe in redeeming love;
There's a way of escape from evil
If we follow the light above.

There are memories the heart will cherish
Of the triumphs of truth and right,
When through trials of faith and courage
We have followed the gleam of light.
Though the shadows of life may deepen,
Still shines the Eternal Love;
We shall find heaven's fadeless sunshine,
If we follow the light above.





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Let the most convenient moments between nine and ten o'clock each evening be set aside to pray for the Twentieth Century Forward Movement.

W. W. Cooper,
Cor. Sec'y.

Drink England's Danger

THE people of Kansas are living in a paradise so far as the curse of the liquor business is concerned when they compare their condition as a prohibitory State with Scotland and England. From the day of our landing in Liverpool up to the present, we have seen the effects of the curse of drink almost without a day's exception, and in terms of emphasis and dis-

gust we are ready to declare our astonishment that English people will endure the sights and results that go with the entire drink traffic. If England goes to destruction in the next century, it will not be because of outside war or dangers from other nations, but because she has drunk herself into destruction. — Rev. C. M. Sheldon.

To Canossa

IF there is any use at all of the church in the society of today, this is one of the ways in which it will have to justify its right to exist. Religion will once again have to assert the old Hildebrand element in itself, and summon sinners in high places to Canossa in their shirts and smocks, or it will fall into abject and deserved contempt. Wherever the law of God is defied — no matter whether by mob on the street or by the elect of fashion at casino or gambling party — there is the place for religion to assert its divine authority and to make the Felix of the world recognize that the "fear of God is the beginning of wisdom." — *Boston Herald*.

Cooking and Doctoring

DR. JACOBI, writing in the *Medical Record*, says that in the United States there is one physician to every 600 people — proportionately twice as many as in Great Britain, four times as many as in France, five times as many as in Germany, and six times as many as in Italy. And Dr. Jacobi might have gone on to show that we take an interest in patent or proprietary medicines and in various other forms of extra-professional treatment, which is almost non-existent in Europe. There must be some explanation of this American craze

for doctoring. Certainly it is not that we are a sickly and an ailing race. On the contrary we are exceptionally hardy and enduring. A good cook can come pretty near to keeping the doctor out of the house. — *N. Y. World*.

Beecher's Innocence

WE are able to announce that the last possible doubt of the innocence of Henry Ward Beecher in the deplorable Beecher-Tilton trial has been cleared away. Though Mr. Beecher's friends were most fully convinced that he was guiltless, they admitted that two or three letters professing to be written by him were regrettable, and that they had to take into account what they knew of him otherwise in estimating their significance. They now have been proved to be forgeries of the grossest kind. It would serve no purpose now to indicate the name of the forger, who is dead. Suffice it to say that the incident puts Beecher's character on a higher plane than ever. We have also been told, though we have had no opportunity of absolutely verifying the statement, that one of Beecher's most prominent ministerial opponents, on seeing the new evidence, expressed his deep regret at the position he had taken. — *British Weekly*.

A Mattress Lesson

There is a lot of valuable information for our readers in the announcement in our advertising columns today entitled "Put to Sleep." It is inserted in the paper at the request of the Paine Furniture Company. If any one wishes to know all the ins and outs of the making of a mattress, it is given in the most concise form in this announcement. Any one who has occasion to purchase a mattress should read this advertisement in order to be thoroughly posted on mattresses.

Zion's Herald

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Zion's Herald

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GEORGE E. WHITAKER, Publisher

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36 Bromfield St., Boston

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

Flawless Diplomacy

Nothing has reflected more signal honor on the American nation than the wise and statesmanlike policy of the present Administration in dealing with the Chinese since the first outbreak in that country. The sincerity which marked our disclaimer of all ulterior designs upon the integrity of the empire, the expression of confidence in the good offices of Minister Wu, and the essential justice of all our demands, have won from the civilized governments of the world a clear title to their confidence. It was the American Admiral who refrained from firing on the forts at Taku, and it was the American Secretary of State who resolutely maintained friendly relations with the Chinese authorities even when a state of war actually existed in everything but name. When the President made answer to the appeal of the Chinese Emperor that the first condition was the positive assurance of the safety of the foreign representatives in Peking, and the second that they should be put in immediate and unrestricted communication with their respective governments, he opened the way which a hundred thousand armed men would have been able to open only with great loss of life and property. Not for a moment has there been the slightest sign of yielding one tittle of our just rights, or inflicting on a nation nominally friendly the smallest injustice. The monstrous treachery which has marked the whole course of the Peking authorities has not discouraged the Administration, and it has insisted that the Chinese Government must be held responsible to the world for its every act. It is this upright and intelligent course that has at length brought China to her senses, preserved our rights and our self-respect, and enhanced the respect of the whole civilized world.

Race Riot in New York

The extremists who think that the Negro is ill-treated only in the South, will have occasion to revise their opinion when they read what took place in New York last week. The case is almost exactly parallel to the riot which occurred in New Orleans not long ago. A Negro desperado killed a policeman on Sunday morning; about eleven o'clock Wednesday night a drunken Irishwoman came out of a saloon

and began to extol the virtues of the dead officer. A crowd gathered about her, and just as she shrieked, "The black bastards ought to be kilt!" a respectable young Negro lad happened to be passing by. The mob quickly surrounded him, and beat and kicked and abused him in various ways. Almost in a moment a riot of formidable proportions broke out, and for an hour the streets were filled with a surging mob, frenzied with rage and drink. New York has seldom seen its equal. Shouting men, shrieking women and crying children, with the report of revolvers and crashing of windows, made a perfect pandemonium in the first city of the land. Negroes, regardless of age or sex, were indiscriminately attacked wherever they appeared. They were brutally beaten on all sides; the crowd even going so far as to pull them off the street-cars in the very face and eyes of the policemen. The conduct of the policemen was far from creditable. In proportion to their numbers, they did not do as well in checking the riot as the policemen in New Orleans. Although the mob was composed exclusively of white men, it was after one o'clock before a single white man had been reported under arrest. That the mob should assume these proportions at that hour of the night shows the thinness of the crust of order which surrounds even the largest cities. That so many men and women of the white race should be so quick to respond to an opportunity to abuse and ill-treat the Negro, shows the natural savagery of the strong against the weak.

Example of Moderation

The Negro leaders in New Orleans have recently issued an address to the white people of that city, which deserves to go on record as an example of moderation in language and faith in the ultimate triumph of righteousness. It begins with a generous and gracious word of thanks to the municipal officers and to the law-abiding citizens "who so nobly and heartily came to the protection of our lives and property." It goes on to declare that, so far as they have any knowledge, there is no truth in the report that the Negroes have a secret organization for working injury to the interests of the white people, and the writers place themselves on record as against all such propositions. They are foreign to the Negro character, for no race is so little under the evil spell of malice as the black race. It deplores all inflammatory utterances, no matter whence their origin, and closes with a vigorous protest against the efforts of those who are trying to persuade the Negroes of New Orleans that they will not be protected by the municipality, and that they can better their chances by seeking other fields of

labor. When all the leaders of the colored people get to be as wise in counsel as those of New Orleans, the Negroes will be perfectly safe to follow their advice. They have great provocation, and their case seems well-nigh desperate at times, but their destiny is in the South, and it must be wrought out there.

Railway Magnate Dead

Early last week Collis P. Huntington, one of the great masters of American transportation, died suddenly, at the age of 79. He was born of Puritan stock, in Connecticut, and was the fifth child in a family of nine. At fourteen he was obliged to leave school and make his own living. Beginning with a salary of seven dollars a month, he left a fortune of fifty million dollars more or less. When he had accumulated \$1,200 he started for California, and, being detained on the Isthmus of Panama, he made twenty trips from ocean to ocean on foot, and netted \$4,000 profits. Reaching California at the age of twenty-eight, he accumulated a fortune in seven years, and then began his career as a railway magnate. The inception and realization of a transcontinental line were largely due to Leland Stanford and C. P. Huntington, and the enormous development of the Pacific railway system is the result of the tireless energy and assiduity of the latter. His daring projects of consolidation and monopoly had been carried to a successful issue at the time of his death, and his great transcontinental line, the Southern Pacific, is an enduring monument to his foresight and ability. It is the custom to decry these giants, to arraign them as pirates and to belittle their work; but, while many may wish there were some way to make such enterprises the property of the public, the whole nation shares with them the results of their undertakings. Fifty million dollars is a great price to pay, but when the balance is struck it will be seen that the work done is well worth the price.

Old Home Week in New Hampshire

The weather has not been as favorable this year for the celebration of the homecoming of New Hampshire's sons and daughters as it was last year, and the novelty of the feature has worn off. Some openly declared that they enjoyed themselves so much last year that they would not risk the chances of disappointment by paying a second visit. In spite of these hindrances, there was abundant evidence of the large place this new holiday found in the hearts of the children and the parents. Last year the streams came into the larger places and filled them full with merrymaking; this year they came with more deliberation and penetrated farther into the remote, quiet country, where

there was less of public show and more of heartfelt cheer and comfort. New Hampshire is already much the richer because of the happy thought of Governor Rollins in instituting this grand home festival. Strangers flock to her health-giving hills, marking their paths with streams of gold and silver; but her own children touch the springs of life itself and bring to lonely homesteads what money cannot buy, taking away that which is not for sale in the markets of the world, broadening their sympathy and deepening their love.

Cuba's Immediate Need

It is to the British consul at Havana that we are indebted for some facts in relation to the condition of Cuba which show the necessity for immediate action on the part of those interested in the welfare of the island. The imports for 1892 were valued at about \$65,000,000, and those for 1899 were a trifle more in value; but while the exports of the former year amounted to \$95,000,000, those for 1899 were but little more than half that amount. To pay this excess Cuba resorted to the desperate expedient of selling certain railway properties and some of her principal cigar factories. Of course this permanent alienation of property to meet current necessities cannot be continued without bringing financial disaster. It is noted, too, that more than fifty per cent. of the imports were food products, the most of which should have been produced on the island. It is a singular anomaly that a purely agricultural and exceptionally fertile country is so largely dependent on foreigners for its supply of food. The production of sugar will have to give place to crops of maize, beans, rice and vegetables, for the Cubans cannot raise sugar enough to pay for these food products. The imports must decrease for a time in order that Cuba may be self-supporting, and it looks as if the island were destined to pass through a period of poverty unless heroic measures are instituted without delay.

Six-Masted Schooner

It is not so very many years since a ship of sixteen hundred tons was considered a large vessel; but there was launched, at Camden, Maine, last week, a schooner of 2,750 tons net register, which will carry more than five thousand tons of coal. It is about thirty years since schooners with three masts began to make their appearance. These were quickly followed by the four-master, and two years ago the five-masters began to show themselves. Maine built two of these of about 2,250 tons each, in 1898 and 1899, and she has now put into the water a six-master of noble proportions. The old man-of-war Constitution is 175 feet long, the new schooner is 302 feet on her keel; and she has three feet more beam and is three feet deeper than the frigate. The reports give her spread of canvas as 12,000 square yards (about two acres and a half), which is about the same as that of the auxiliary steam frigates of the Wabash class. The masts are named, fore, main, mizzen, spanker, jigger and driver, and each is 119 feet long; her top-masts are 58 feet in length, her jib-boom 75 feet, and her driver boom 72 feet. It

was predicted that the four-masted schooners would not handle well, and the old-time seamen scoffed at them; but after the Governor Ames (built at Waldoboro, Me., in 1888) went around the Horn to the North Pacific and demonstrated what she could do under sail alone, the scoffers were silenced. Driven by sharp competition to produce a vessel capable of carrying large cargoes with a small number of men, the Yankee shipbuilder has again proved himself equal to the emergency, and the George W. Wells is likely to be the forerunner of many others of her type. She will ere long have a competitor of the same class, for another six-master will soon take the water at Bath, Me.

London's New Underground Railroad

London now has six miles of electric underground railway. It is a great relief after the smoke and nauseous smells of the tunnel where steam-cars were used. The new road has been in use about three weeks. It is cool, bright and clean, and, although in some places it is one hundred feet below the street level, it commends itself to the Londoners, who are in ecstasies over the advantages of the "tuppenny tube." On the first day it carried 83,000 passengers, and it was supposed that a large proportion used this means of conveyance that day from curiosity; but on the second day the number rose to 91,600; and the fourth it reached 93,000, and has been steadily rising ever since. The directors expected to run at a loss this year, but as 40,000,000 passengers annually would pay a fair dividend on the investment, it looks as if the road might prove profitable from the start. The first shaft was sunk just four years ago, and it has been built at the rate of \$2,900,000 a mile. There are 190 upholstered vestibule cars (the like of which London has never seen before) running with a headway of two and one-half minutes. The cars cost \$5,000 each, and the torpedo-shaped motors, built in the United States, cost \$15,000 each. The running expenses are estimated at \$750,000 a year. Additional lines are in process of construction, which, when completed, will have a capacity of 250,000 passengers a day.

De Wet Eludes His Pursuers

Even Kitchener himself is no match for that past master of strategic rapid movements, the Boer General, De Wet. Lord Roberts committed to Kitchener the task of surrounding and capturing the fleeing Boer, and elaborate preparations were made with a force of 30,000 men to outwit the 7,000 flying Dutchmen; but De Wet has stolen marches in the dark, where his enemy was compelled to wait for daylight, has distanced both Methuen and Kitchener, and is heading north to join (if he has not already joined) Delarey, who has taken possession of Rustenberg, and who seems to be in practical possession of the country almost to the gates of Mafeking. Here they will have wide stretches of the western Transvaal and Bechuanaland over which to roam, and they are more than likely to augment than to decrease their forces as they go, for the Boers who have nominally acquiesced in the British occupation are very restless. On the other side is Kruger and

Botha with the main force, said to consist of 10,000 men, concentrating at Barbeton, a mountainous region where they will be able to maintain a vigorous defense should the slow-moving Buller ever succeed in getting his army within range of them.

In the meantime Lord Roberts has issued a proclamation, which, whatever its ultimate effects may be, will knit the Boers in closer union for the present. He serves notice that hereafter he will refuse to accept the surrender of the burghers except as prisoners of war; and as they know that such prisoners are now being deported to Ceylon, they will be very slow to accept these terms. Unless the public has been misinformed as to the disposition and character of the Boers, this latest manifesto from their conquerors will nerve them to maintain the fight as long as they have an ounce of powder or a morsel of bread. As a military necessity, the proclamation is doubtless justified by the conditions, but it removes the last hope of the Boers, and betokens the creation of desolation and ruin throughout the Transvaal. The British will build a new colony, but it will not be built of Dutch elements, nor will Dutch influences predominate.

Multiplying Complications in China

So far as one may judge from what is actually known, it is a matter of deep regret that the British should have landed 3,000 troops at Shanghai. Ostensibly these were landed for the protection of foreign interests in general, and British interests in particular, in the city itself. Doubtless the British interests in the Yang-tse valley are the paramount cause of this latest movement, which was not undertaken without remonstrance from several different sources, and which seriously complicates affairs throughout the empire. France, Germany and Russia are almost certain to follow the example of Great Britain, and, indeed, it is reported that all these nations have given orders for the despatch of a force sufficient to balance the British contingent. The commercial importance of the provinces along the Yang-tse are not underestimated by any of these nations, and while London has a very distinct idea that they are all within the sphere of British influence, it is more than probable that Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg are not quite willing to acquiesce in the British claims to that locality. Naturally the Chinese resent this forcible occupation of Shanghai, and Li Hung Chang used every means to persuade the British authorities not to take the step in the present excitable state of the natives. There is politics in every act, it would appear, and this untoward movement on the part of the British is likely to cause the international storm clouds to gather in the vicinity of Shanghai.

Ingalls the Brilliant

Although John James Ingalls was of New England birth, he was never in sympathy with either the institutions or the character of his early training and associations. His place was in the West, and when, at the age of twenty-five, he made his way to Kansas, he found a more congenial atmosphere in which grew to

maturity the keen intellectual conceptions, the incisive but cruel wit, and the brilliant qualities of his remarkable mind. His aim was unsteady, and his ambition lacked purpose. He hated cant in others, but he was slow to detect it in himself. He was an unmerciful scourger of humbug, but he lacked the power to discover his own insincerity. His powers of verbal exhortation ran away with him, and the merciless invectives which he hurled at his political opponents were one of the chief causes of his downfall. Elected to the Senate of the United States in 1873, he held a seat in that body for eighteen years. It was not from any unwillingness to espouse the cause of the Populists when they carried his adopted State that he was not given another term, but because his insincerity was too shameless, and his former supporters joined with his political enemies in relegating him to private life. The disappointment of his life came in 1891 when the doors of the Senate closed against him, and his last years have brought only disappointment to those who had hoped that his generous impulses would triumph under the discipline of defeat. His name has been kept before the public chiefly by his picturesque contributions to certain periodicals on subjects unworthy the treatment of such a brilliant intellect. He died in New Mexico, Aug. 16, at the age of 67.

Babylonia's Ancient Library

Midway between the cities of Babylonia and Erech stands the modern town of Niffer, known to the ancients as Nippur. Sir Austen Layard grazed its surface more than forty years ago and discovered a few unimportant remains. Its excavation was undertaken by the American expedition sent out by the University of Pennsylvania in 1889-91, and the work was resumed in 1893. Since that time it has been carried on as fast as the funds permitted. The first expedition uncovered inscriptions running back to B. C. 3700, and brought to this country an interesting lot of remains. It is now reported that Professor Hilprecht, who is in charge of the work, has discovered the library of the great temple, containing more than seventeen thousand tablets dealing with historical and literary matters, the latest of which comes down only to B. C. 2290. Five years will be required to excavate the unexplored parts of the library, and if they prove equally rich in results, we shall have the most complete records that have ever been obtained of any ancient nation.

Kentucky's Conspiracy Trials

During the past six weeks a remarkable trial has been in progress in Kentucky. Ex-Secretary of State Caleb Powers was arraigned as accessory before the fact to the murder of Governor Goebel by a person or persons unknown to the jury. It is contended that the commonwealth was placed in an anomalous position by its confession that it did not know of whom Mr. Powers was the accomplice, and that a man cannot legally be tried as an accessory before the fact until the identity of the principal actor has been at least set forth. Whatever the fact may be as to the law, there is no doubt that during the trial some very startling information came

to light. An organized band of mountaineers was brought to the capital to intimidate the Democrats and prevent them from carrying out their plan to oust Governor Taylor and give the gubernatorial chair to Goebel. When the trial of Powers began, so far as one may judge from the newspapers, most people believed there was no case, and that with the jury constituted as it was a verdict was not to be expected; but the jury surprised the public by bringing in a verdict of guilty after being out less than an hour. The sentence (awarded by the jury) was imprisonment for life. Of course the case will be appealed, but in the meantime others of the alleged conspirators will be placed on trial.

Regenerating Air

Reports from Paris indicate that two distinguished French savants have discovered a method by which the oxygen in vitiated air may be renewed and the dangerous carbonic acid gas absorbed. They submitted to the Academy of Sciences an aluminum diving suit, weighing twenty-five pounds, in which, it is claimed, a diver can move for hours under water without drawing air from the surface. It is also claimed that by this new discovery poisonous gases, foul air and smoke can be robbed of all danger to human life, so that miners and firemen will be able to do their work without having to reckon with these perils. It would seem that submarine navigation is possible if these claims can be substantiated, and that important results are likely to follow. While the discovery is not explained very fully, it is stated that bioxide of sodium (?) is the principal agent used for this regenerating process.

Occupation of Peking

The allies effected an entrance into Peking on the 15th after severe fighting, and rescued the envoys. This much is certain, but what has taken place since then is a matter of uncertainty. Admiral Remey telegraphs that the communication is interrupted, and it is quite probable that there is still fighting going on in the streets of the city. The legation reservations were under the walls of the Imperial or Tartar city, which surrounds the sacred, or forbidden, city. The Chinese city is to the southward of the Tartar city, and all are surrounded by the walls of Peking. Reports have just come to the effect that the allies have forced an entrance into the sacred city where the Chinese are reported to have made their last stand. Whether the Empress Dowager is, or is not, within the walls of this last named city cannot be determined at this writing. Matters are in a state of uncertainty, and while everybody rejoices that relief has reached the besieged foreigners, there is much cause for anxiety. The size of the army of occupation is not definitely known, but it probably does not exceed 20,000 men, and they are in a hostile city surrounded by more than half a million of their enemies. It will require strategy, tact and courage to complete the work that is yet to be done, before the actual safety of the foreigners is assured. No one thing is more to be desired than the capture of the Empress Dowager and her council, for the problems would be much

simplified by such a stroke of good fortune.

American Life Insurance

The various regular life insurance companies of the United States now have policies in force amounting to \$7,759,789,521. Of course this includes the risks carried by them in all parts of the world, but it does not include the amounts carried by the fraternal assessment organizations. It is almost one-half of all the insurance business now in the hands of the companies of the principal nations. Great Britain stands next to the United States, but her insurance interests represent only \$3,671,484,706 — a little less than half. Germany comes next with \$1,709,418,566 — less than one-fourth. The French companies have in force risks amounting to only \$693,449,000, and the Australian companies have \$566,381,000. The fact that the death of people now living in the civilized world involves the division of \$15,692,320,079 is a matter of interest to students of political economy.

Events Worth Noting

The census returns for Greater New York show a population of 3,437,202. The approximate estimate of the increase since 1890 shows a gain of 37.9 per cent.

The Mexican census recently completed shows 12,491,573. More than $\frac{1}{3}$ are illiterates, and over 80 per cent. of mixed or Indian blood.

On Thursday and Friday of this week delegates representing the Negro business men of the United States will hold a meeting in Boston to form a league for mutual benefit and business advantage.

On the 15th of this month \$8,100,000 of gold was shipped from New York to London. This is believed to be the record-breaking total. During the last ten days \$18,000,000 in gold has been sent to England.

After the first of October Germany will absolutely prohibit the importation of American canned meats and sausages, with heavy penalties for all offenders. The United States sold about three million pounds of these products in Germany last year.

Rain is falling generally throughout India, and the favorable conditions continue. About 6,149,000 persons are still receiving relief, owing partly to the backwardness of the crops, to the small demand for labor in the fields, and the high prices.

The average number of deaths from yellow fever in Havana in July from 1885 to 1895 was thirty-four. This year there were thirty, which, when the 25,000 non-immune immigrants are taken into account, shows that the present death-rate is small, although it has not been so large for many months.

Three Filipinos have arrived at Ann Arbor, Mich., as students. Two of them are sent by the International Club of Manila, while the other comes on his own resources for seven years. The first two, who are each twenty-one years of age, are to study civil engineering. The third, who is eleven years old, speaks English fluently and acts as interpreter.

The French Naval Bill authorizes the construction of six battleships, about the size of the Kearsarge, five armored cruisers a thousand tons larger than the Brooklyn, twenty-eight small destroyers, and twenty-six torpedo boats. The resources of the French shipyards will be taxed to their utmost limit in the construction of so many ships in the short time allowed.

IS ANXIETY A DUTY?

THE Scripture doctrine as to the privilege and duty of the Christian to be free from anxiety is scarcely ever clearly set forth — as it was very briefly of late in these columns — but what some good man rises to protest that a little worry is unavoidable and is really a good thing inasmuch as it prompts to earnest action. Which simply serves to illustrate how difficult it is on any subject to choose words that will be entirely free from ambiguity. It is evident that people attach different meanings to the term "anxiety." The good man just referred to does not sufficiently discriminate, has not looked closely enough to his definitions. He mixes up proper forethought and suitable painstaking with worry and anxiety. But they are not at all the same. It by no means follows that one who has cast all his care on God, as we are repeatedly commanded to do, has cast away his common sense or his willingness to work. It is entirely possible to trust with all one's might and at the same time labor with all one's might. Freedom from anxiety is not synonymous with listlessness and indifference, though it appears to be so regarded by some.

Anxiety is something which we are over and over again in the Scripture commanded to have done with. Two quotations out of many are enough to cite: "Be not anxious" (Matt. 6:25, 31, 34, R. V.); "In nothing be anxious" (Phil. 4:6, R. V.). What is the anxiety which is here forbidden? The dictionaries, as well as the derivation and the common use of the word, fully warrant us in declaring that it means a painful uneasiness or distress of mind regarding something which we wish or fear. And this definition has the great merit of being in complete harmony with the Biblical usage. It would be a very strange proceeding indeed for us by our definition to empty of all significance, or turn into nonsense, a positive order of the Master and of the Apostle Paul. They who plead that anxiety is a duty can hardly have reflected on the difficult position in which they place themselves with reference to the above-mentioned texts.

Jesus certainly takes great pains to show that anxiety about our temporal supplies — and nine-tenths of people's anxieties concern these things — is wholly incompatible with proper trust in our Heavenly Father who knows our needs and has promised to supply them, we, of course, on our side doing our best to co-operate with His plans. Few have the hardihood to directly combat this position. The claim is more frequently heard that anxiety is not only justifiable, but distinctly commendable in regard to our friends and with respect to spiritual matters. The mother declares that she cannot help being anxious for her boy who is in the army — anxious not only for his physical safety, but for his moral character and his salvation from sin. Her distress of mind, her disturbance of soul, she looks upon as a virtue, and resents the suggestion that it is both useless and sinful. It would, certainly, be wrong for her to refrain from doing anything which seemed likely to be a help to the young man. She must pray, she must send him good counsel, she must do her best in all available ways to protect him from harm

and bind him to God. But when she has done all this, and while she is doing it, is she not fully authorized to entrust his safe keeping to One who watches over him with more than a mother's love, and who will do the very best possible for him? And if this trust is perfect, will it not bring her perfect peace and destroy her fears? Does not her trouble arise from the fact that she does not fully know God, or is not entirely willing that God's course with her son — which may involve much suffering to him and her — should be taken? Surely the many, many commands in the Bible to "fear not" are intended to cover all our fears; and fearfulness in every instance means faithlessness.

He who really trusts rests. A quiet mind is not a mark of laziness or apathy, but of absolute confidence in Him who never fails His believing children. With Him no emergency is unforeseen, no want unprovided for. His power is infinite; He cannot err; His love is beyond our comprehension. The steps of a good man as well as his steps are ordered of the Lord. In leaning upon Him we are beyond the reach of disappointment. He never takes anything away but to give us something better in its stead. He makes circumstances to become our servants. The riches of God's provisions for His people are but little apprehended by the average Christian; he does not search the Scriptures diligently and meditate on them day and night that he may know what God will do for those who prove Him; and he does not account it a matter of any importance that by his doubts and fears he fails to glorify the Father. It is easy to make excuses that will seem to justify slight wrong-doings. It is easy to become content with a low standard of Christian living. It is natural to find fault with those who insist that there is a better way. But with those who walk continually by faith it has come to be an axiom that where trust begins anxiety ends, and where anxiety begins trust ends. We are persuaded that the more thoughtfully it is examined the more thoroughly it will commend itself as true.

THE BROWN CHAIR

YEARS ago, the Brown Chair's most intimate friend disappeared, suddenly. No one knew why, nor where. We simply knew that there had been no foul play, and that he did not intend to take his own life; for he left a note on his table saying, in the fewest words, that he was going away and wished no search made for him. He then added that what little personal property he left behind him was to be in my charge, and was to become mine if he did not return within five years. He left no real estate and no debts. His score was clean with the community in which he had dwelt for thirty long years. Truly a man could not disappear more honorably, if he was bent on adding such a mystery to the burden of life of those who knew and loved him. It was that fact which grieved me sorest and seemed to me most inexplicable; for my friend, up to that time, had been the most sane and reasonable of men — the last person I should have suspected of an intention to turn his back on the established relations and obligations of life. For him to disappear clandestinely was somehow as if gravitation had been reversed, and solid

things had all at once flown skyward. It was an offense against the order of the universe, and left me for weeks bewildered and sick at heart.

This strange thing happened fifteen years ago. My friend had become ghostlike to me — none the less real and unforgettable in a spiritual sense, but shadowy seeming and not of earth, like those whose bodies we have laid away and whom we never again expect to see save with the eye which is not of flesh. Yesterday, like a flash out of heaven, came the news that my friend had been seen alive, and, more than that, had sent a message to me! Once more the whole moral universe has been sent whirling for me, and has not yet whirled back into place. What a blow such surprises are, and how we stagger under them! Physical shocks are light and transitory in comparison with them.

I do not yet know the explanation for my friend's disappearance. His message was, not to distrust him, for he would yet tell me all. He sent me his address, in a distant Western city, but begged that I would not come to him as yet. I may write him, but not about the one thing that separates us more widely than continents. Some time, he declares, I shall know. Until then will I not trust him and love him still?

Here, it seems to me, is a test of faith even more severe than that which God imposes upon us. My friend has dropped out of my life for fifteen years, and, knowing my whereabouts, though I knew not his, has voluntarily suffered me to live in absolute ignorance of him. Only when he has been discovered by one who knew us both, he makes, as it would seem, a virtue of necessity, and discloses his whereabouts, but couples that confession with a request for still further secrecy and forbearance. God never hid Himself away from us like that, no matter how great the mystery whose solving He asks us to await. Himself, at least, He reveals to us every day and hour — His love, His sympathy, His companionship, His earnest desire to grant us full knowledge of all that is still hidden. This sweetest, most comforting knowledge my friend has utterly withheld from me; and yet, after all these years, he asks me to trust him and love him still — and I do, from the very bottom of my most human and imperfect heart! I believe in him and I trust him, because he is my friend and I have known him of old.

God does not impose such a test as this upon any human being, and yet how many are they who doubt Him! We will trust a silent, absconding earthly friend unto the uttermost. The Friend of friends, the ever-present, the ever-loving, ever-blessing Father of all — we turn away from Him because He brings mystery into our lives without withdrawing or withholding Himself. Is this not a strange inconsistency? I feel that I have had a new personal revelation of the depth and height of faith since my friend's message and my heart's response to it. This fellow-being put the uttermost test upon my belief in him — a test which would have seemed well-nigh insufferable coming from a Divine source — and there was not a moment's hesitation, or a suggestion of refusal, in my response to it. I could not do otherwise — I should never have thought of doing otherwise. I trustfully await his explanation of the great mystery that has come between our souls. If he never explains it, I shall trust him none the less. The years of his friendship

blot out the years of his silence and estrangement.

Henceforth, I trust, I shall never meet any mystery that may estrange me from God. I must confess that there have been such in the past, but what I have learned of the amplitude of faith on the human side, has filled me with the keenest shame for all my denials of the Love Divine. Would that the revelation that has come to me might come to others also—yes, even at the expense of losing for many and many voiceless years the presence and the sympathy, even the human knowledge, of one who has been accounted as Jonathan unto his David!

BROWN CHAIR.

PERSONALS

—Rev. O. R. Miller, pastor of Highlands Church, Holyoke, has been visiting his parents in Terre Haute, Ill.

—Prof. William E. Smyser, of De Pauw University, has been elected professor of English language and literature by the trustees of Ohio Wesleyan University.

—Rev. J. L. Pitner, of First Church, San Diego, Cal., formerly of the New England Southern Conference, is enjoying a vacation of three weeks in the Palomar Mountains.

—Rev. R. L. Bruce, pastor of Lincoln Avenue Church, Pasadena, Cal., formerly of the Vermont Conference, was by his quarterly conference unanimously invited to return another year.

—Rev. Dr. C. B. Besse, of Carbondale, Ill., formerly of Maine, is having a very happy and successful pastorate. He is the only minister in the Southern Illinois Conference who is rounding out his fifth year.

—Bishop Moore has already taken up one of the important and always prominent functions of his high office. He has not yet set out for his Oriental diocese, but he is at work raising money for building a church in Chemulpo, Korea.

—Miss Thoburn, principal of the Woman's College, Lucknow, and Miss Lilavati Singh, professor in the same institution, have arrived safely in India. They had a prosperous visit to America, and carry back substantial financial assistance for the college.

—Miss Elsie Maude Sites, daughter of Mrs. Nathan Sites, sailed, Aug. 4, for a year of study and travel in Germany. Miss Sites was graduated from Wellesley College in June, 1899, and has been a successful teacher during the past year in East Greenwich Academy.

—Rev. F. P. Parkin, D. D., pastor of State St. Church, Trenton, N. J., who, with his family, is spending his vacation at Cottage City, called at this office last week. His tribute to Mary Ashton, "A New Jersey Missionary Heroine," is printed as a tractate for the Missionary Society.

—A note received from Rev. Dillon Bronson, written at Banff, Canada, Aug. 13, says: "We are glad to set faces toward the sunrise, and hope to be in Boston Aug. 28." We have a very interesting paper from his pen entitled, "European vs. American Travel," which will appear at an early date.

—Several hundred dollars have been recently handed Dr. W. P. Thirkield, secretary of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, during a series of appointments that he has filled primarily in the interests of the Epworth League. Nearly all of the engagements made while he was General Secretary of the Epworth League had to be dropped. These appoint-

ments were filled at the special request of Dr. Berry, who could not meet them, and embraced Assemblies in Iowa, Dakota and Nebraska.

—Very simple and modest is the inscription on the monument to Moody on Round Top, Northfield, where his dust is buried. It reads:—

DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY

1837

1899

February 5

December 22

"He that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

—We learn from the *Michigan Christian Advocate* concerning Rev. W. R. Puffer, of the Vermont Conference, recently deceased, that on the last day of his life, when he expected to die in a few hours, he said, "I am in the boat sailing over. They are coming for me over the hills of heaven. I have had a good many happy moments in my life, but none happier than these."

—The *California Christian Advocate* says: "Chancellor Day's address to the Preachers' Meeting was thoroughly enjoyed. His review of some of the 'storm centres' of the last General Conference was well received. He was in California forty years ago, when a 'good-sized lad.' We should like to readopt him and give him a chance at California Methodism, the 'time limit' being off."

—In the will of the late W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, are these words: "The pleasure I have had from doing good with my money is greater than that which could have arisen from the possession of any sum however large." It is estimated that, notwithstanding a financial wreck in 1823, Corcoran gave away five millions of dollars. Among his generous gifts may be mentioned the Oak Hill Cemetery, the Louise Home for Indigent Women, and the Art Gallery bearing his name, all situated in our national capital.

—This is the realistic way in which the *Christian Commonwealth* (London), an excellent Baptist paper, photographs Rev. Arthur Pierson, D. D.: "Dr. Pierson does not allow the Scripture to speak for itself, but, after the Spurgeonian style, intersperses his reading with remarks and exhortations. He looks an old man now. His face is stern and hard, and one looked in vain for redeeming lines of benevolence and kindly sympathy. To the stranger who had expected much, his prayer was painfully disappointing. It was little else than a variety of preaching, only that the Lord was addressed instead of the congregation. 'Doctrine' was breathed forth in almost every sentence."

—Rev. Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Driver, of Mankato, Minn., are deeply bereaved in the loss of their son, James Owen Driver, who died in the hospital in Manila, July 21, of inflammation of the mucous membrane. Only a few days before the sad news was telegraphed, his parents received a letter from him, dated June 7, in which he spoke of the hard service he had seen, and of his eagerness to return home as soon as his term of enlistment expired. He was a member of the Mankato Church, having been received into membership by his father two years ago. His remains will be brought back to America, and interred in the family lot in Lindwood Cemetery, Fort Wayne, Ind. An obituary, prepared by Rev. John Stafford, of Red Wing, Minn., will appear next week.

—The *Western Christian Advocate* of last week shows how profound a hold the work of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society had taken upon Bishop Hamilton, in saying: "Bishop J. W. Hamilton has shown as much interest in the work of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society as if he were still the

corresponding secretary. He gave two weeks at the close of the General Conference to visiting the schools in the South. He met with boards of trustees at several of the schools, and has given his close attention to matters in the office for two months, advising and planning for the new buildings which have been undertaken, and in suggesting to his successors concerning many things connected with the transfer of the duties of his office."

—Prof. Francis H. Smith, of the University of Virginia, in a published address on "Why the Young Men of the South should be Hopeful," which we have read with much interest, pays this tribute to Bishop Taylor: "Some years ago I was one of an audience of six thousand persons assembled in Western New York. On the platform stood a rugged man, clad apparently in homespun—Bishop William Taylor, the hero of three continents, and the equal, in courage and devotion, of Chinese Gordon. His first sentence thrilled the vast assembly and warmed my heart. 'I was born,' said he, 'in Rockbridge County, Virginia, where they raise men.' I thought of the McDowells, Reids, Moores, Prestons, Letchers, and a long roll beside, and felt that the Bishop was right."

—We learn from the *Western* that Dr. Washington Gladden, pastor of the First Congregational Church in Columbus, Ohio, is proving his fitness for the position of councilman, to which he was elected last spring. Notwithstanding the great demand upon his time as pastor of the leading church of his denomination in the city, and numerous invitations for lectures and ministerial services far and near, he seldom fails to attend the weekly committee and council meetings. He is reported to have said that he would return from his vacation to attend the regular meetings of the council. To do so would probably require all of his salary to pay traveling expenses. The many people who seem to think they have done their duty in the effort to reform municipal politics by revealing how bad they are, would do well to imitate Dr. Gladden.

—Secretary of the Treasury Gage pays his colleague, Secretary Hay, of the State Department, this very high but richly deserved compliment: "Secretary Hay is rich enough to live where and as he likes. He loves books, the society of literary men. If he wished he could seek these things at home or abroad. He could tell the politicians and the world's trouble-makers to go hang—to get some one else to carry their burdens for them. I have watched Hay during this Chinese crisis. I have seen the lines of care deepen in his forehead. I have observed the effect of nights of sleeplessness and thought upon his health and spirits. I have seen him day after day at his desk in the sweltering heat of Washington, carrying this load of anxiety and responsibility, and I have thought that it is not the man only who goes to war who sacrifices himself upon the altar of his country."

—Not many of the readers of *Zion's Herald* have reached, or may expect to reach, the age of 94 years. On August 9, Miss Sarah Fisk, of Natick, for fifty years a subscriber to this paper, and for more than sixty years a member of the Natick Methodist Episcopal Church, celebrated her birthday, receiving numerous calls and many letters of congratulation from the children and grandchildren of her brothers. She is the only survivor of eight children. Her parents, Moses Fisk and Sibbilla Jennison Fisk, were both born in the year 1776. Her father died at the age of 75 and her mother at the age of 92. Six brothers and one sister have preceded her, reaching an average age of about eighty years. Two years ago, in August, her sister, Miss Lucy

Fisk, who for more than eighty years had been her inseparable companion, passed on before. In comfortable health, she continues to be interested in the affairs of church and community, and is in no haste to make her departure, but looks forward with faith and gladness to reunion with kindred souls. A large circle of friends gratefully appreciate the liberal support given by members of this family to the Fisk Memorial Church of Natick and to various church and educational institutions, and wish for the latest survivor of her generation of the family many serene hours in the evening of life.

—Frederick Douglass was once an exhorter in the Central Church, Baltimore. A memorial window is to be placed in that church for him.

—Rev. Dr. S. C. Swallow, editor of the *Pennsylvania Methodist*, has been nominated for Congressman-at-large by the Prohibitionists of Pennsylvania.

—John Ruskin's estate is valued at \$51,000. He had a million, but distributed most of it fifteen years ago in practical beneficence, mostly for the help of the poor.

—Prof. George W. Greenwood, of Dunbar, Pa., has been elected to the chair of mathematics and astronomy in McKendree College. Prof. Greenwood is a graduate of Oxford College, England.

—Mrs. Hannah Merrill, mother of Rev. C. M. Hall, of Everett, died in Dorchester, Sunday evening, at the age of 75 years, after a long illness of nearly eleven years. The funeral services will be Wednesday at Barre.

—There was a lively debate in the Wesleyan Methodist Conference at Burslem, England, over the setting apart of a minister as secretary of the Wesley Guild (the young people's society corresponding to our Epworth League), which finally resulted in the election of Rev. W. B. Fitzgerald to that position.

—In the death of Lurandus Beach, of Lawrence (of which mention is made in another column by Dr. J. E. Robins, presiding elder of Dover District, N. H. Conference), Haverhill St. Church of that city meets with a great loss, and our denomination is deprived of a loyal and liberal supporter. His funeral occurred at his residence, Aug. 6. The pastor, Rev. F. C. Rogers, officiated, assisted by Revs. D. C. Knowles, J. E. Robins, and W. H. Hutchin. Dr. Knowles, who received him into the church thirty years ago, paid a discriminating and generous tribute to the deceased.

—A large audience listened, on Sunday, at Hedding Camp-ground, to a sermon preached by Rev. Dr. J. A. M. Chapman, of Greenland, N. H. His text was: "For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." It was a "great" sermon, like all that we ever heard from this distinguished preacher. With such exacting, painstaking care are his sermons worked out, and so thorough is he in making personal preparation to preach, that it has been scarcely possible for him to deliver a poor sermon. This discourse as an illustration of profound and logical thought and of classic diction, was remarkable; as an example of forensic art it was well-nigh perfect. In his delivery there was art, but so finely hidden that very few would observe it at all. In the use of his voice in a climax, he reminded us of Bishop Foster. As he drove his unerring arrows to the hearts of his hearers, he was dynamic and explosive, but never loud or overwrought. This type of the old-time, logical, scientific and oratorical preacher, it is painful to note, is passing

in our denomination. The Studleys, the Tiffanys, and the Chapmans are no longer being developed among us. Why is it, and what does it betoken?

BRIEFLETS

The treasures of life cannot be kept in retirement without losing their reproductive and winning power. We must use talents, opportunities, blessings of every kind, in order that they may enrich both ourselves and others.

The *Epworth Herald* of last week contains this very encouraging assurance: "The meeting of the General Board of Control was the most spiritual in all the history of the movement. The discussions were animated and searching, but from first to last not one discordant note was struck. The spiritual tone of the meeting was remarkable."

Life is like a mirror. It reflects the face you bring to it. Look out lovingly upon the world, and the world will look lovingly in upon you.

Keen perception is not necessary to strong faith any more than the ability to detect the strings and stops of the instruments is necessary to the appreciation of noble music. Faith is not a matter of intellectual perception at all, but of spiritual inception.

It is amusingly current that a certain Bishop of the Church of England in western Canada has a pet sermon on the Prodigal Son, which he preaches repeatedly. His great point is, of course, the love of the father, and he says the father revealed his great love not only when he received his boy to his arms again, but pre-eminently when he killed for him a calf—a favorite calf which he had been feeding for years, and years, and years!

The divine, the redeeming thing about darkness, physical or spiritual, is the fact that it is the very condition out of which light springs.

Burslem, where the Wesleyan Conference recently met, is historic ground for Wesleyan Methodism. The first "society" was founded by John Wesley himself about the year 1760. He visited the district subsequently on two or three occasions, and finding that the wilderness had become a fruitful field, he wrote in his journal: "Lord, Thou hast power over Thine own clay."

In a recent letter Edwin Markham, the poet, said: "I find no difficulty in believing what is known as the Apostles' Creed, and yet a far simpler creed might well be used as the basis of Christian fellowship."

Let us thank God for the *musts* of life. If duty were conditioned simply upon inclination, how little we should actually accomplish in our threescore years and ten!

It is a grand thing to open the door to truth; but not many would enter in except for those faithful ones who, after the seer has passed, stand by and hold the door open.

According to the *British Weekly*, Ian Maclaren preached a remarkable sermon recently on "pouring in oil and wine." He lamented the decay of old-fashioned kindness, and hotly condemned modern artificiality and insincerity. Inviting his hearers to enter into a covenant that during the coming week they would be consistent-

ly and perseveringly kind, Dr. Watson said: "Let us resolve that if we get put out this week by something said or done to us, we will not take it out of our wife, which many respectable Christians do. I often wonder, not to go far afield, what ministers' wives must suffer when their husbands come home from church courts. Nor take it out of our children, nor be mean enough to take it out of the servants in our house who can't reply, nor out of the clerks in our employ who are afraid to say anything lest they lose their situation."

It would be well worth while, in this age of rush and din, to devote a quiet hour each day to simply listening for some message that God might have for the receptive soul. Reverential silence is full of celestial whisperings.

Don't indulge in parody of favorite and familiar hymns. Don't practice or encourage punning on texts of Scripture. Punning is the cheapest kind of wit. Besides, a hymn once stained by parody can never be restored to its original whiteness; it bears ever after the wrinkle and soil of parody. If it is called up in the most sacred company, or on the most solemn occasion, it will come as the clown or court fool in cap and bells. The text which came as a cup of nectar to your lips, once laden with the pun's low wit, henceforth brings but the stale beer of the wayside booth. You will not hate, but you will test your grace in forgiving, the thoughtless triviality which with pun or parody has spoiled for you a verse of sacred song or Holy Writ. For holy use it must be pure and unsoiled. A single spot or stain on the linen ephod unfits it for temple service. The sacred Word must be free from low associations. Keep temple service and sacred ritual free from earthly soil.

Prof. Henry C. Vedder, D. D., formerly editor of the *Examiner*, New York, and now professor in Rochester Theological Seminary (Baptist), conservative in his theological views and especially well balanced intellectually, is yet so much of a modern biblical critic and so frank as to say in a recent *Watchman*:—

"The Higher Criticism is the attempt to determine the character of an ancient document from evidence afforded by the document itself. It propounds and undertakes to answer such questions as: Who wrote it? when? what was the author's purpose? is the document trustworthy? is the text now substantially as the author left it, or has it been edited and altered? This method of study is practised by all students of ancient times; and not only the Scriptures, but all ancient documents of every sort, are subjected to these tests. Unless we are prepared to accept whatever purports to be an ancient document, and to receive its statements without question, to put base forgeries and genuine writings on a footing of exact equality, we must all be higher critics, just so far as we are students of the past at all."

A wise self-love is not to be unsparingly condemned. If a man loves himself well, he will subject himself to many tests and disciplines, to the end that true loveliness of character may more and more justify self-regard.

The letters from Rev. J. H. Pyke, in this issue, descriptive of the bombardment of Tien-Tsin and the consequent peril and anxiety of our missionaries there, are thrillingly interesting, and will hold the attention of the reader from beginning to end.

Probably many of our readers noticed a discrepancy last week in the date of the birth of Mrs. Sally Batchelder, who celebrated her 100th birthday on Aug. 8. The

year should have been 1794 instead of 1797. The slip was made by the gentleman who furnished the data, and escaped the notice of the office until too late for correction.

Our sister church is steadily at work on its Twentieth Century Fund, as appears from the statement of Bishop Galloway, who says that the Church South has raised already \$1,000,000 of the \$1,500,000 it started out to raise as a Twentieth Century Fund.

The *Central Christian Advocate* calls attention to the following fact, which is characteristic of the spirit of tolerance which has always existed in Methodism: "Of the books in the courses of study for preachers to be used by our church, twenty-two are by other publishers than our own Book Concerns."

Recently the editor made a trip on the palatial steamer "Priscilla" of the Fall River Line. This line is a favorite with the traveling public. There were an unusually large number of people aboard who gave unmistakable evidence of good character and breeding. It was gratifying to note that while there was a large percentage of Negroes among the passengers, not only was there no discrimination against them, but they shared in all privileges, sitting at the same tables in the dining-room or anywhere in the saloon when listening to the music. There was not an ungracious look or word from any white person because of the presence of these colored people, who were cleanly, modest and respectful, and therefore respected.

THE FALSE SUPERNATURAL

IN popular thought, religious and irreligious alike, the natural is supposed to be something which runs itself without any internal guidance or external interference. The supernatural, on the other hand, if there be any such thing, is not supposed to manifest itself through the natural, but by means of portents, prodigies, interpositions, departures from, or infractions of, natural law in general. The realm of law belongs to the natural; and the natural runs itself. Hence, if we are to find anything supernatural, we must look for it in the abnormal, the chaotic, the lawless, or that which defies all reduction to order that may be depended on. This notion underlies the traditional debate between naturalism and supernaturalism, and abides in many minds unto this day.

With such a notion, hostility between science and religion could not fail to be engendered. Science studies the natural and seeks for law. Religion believes in the supernatural; and by reason of this mistaken fancy it has been compelled to look with suspicion and dislike upon all attempts to reduce events to an order of law. In earlier times, when it had the power, it often put down such attempts by violence. When it lost this power, it still denounced such attempts as irreligious and tending to atheism. And to this day the popular religionist still has a hankering after breaks in the natural order, missing links in the chain of law, things which science cannot explain; and is very apt to pin his faith in God on finding them. Of course, in rational thought, order is the great mark of intelligence and the great proof of mind in nature; but this unhappy misconception of the relation of the natural to the supernatural has prac-

tically led the great body of uncritical thinkers into the grotesque inversion of all reason—the more law and order, the less God. The logic of the case admitted of no other conclusion, and science had to be resisted. Some illustrations will prove instructive.

The fact of law in the heavens had to be admitted at a pretty early date, at least for the constant phenomena; and religious thought had to adjust itself as well as it could. All the more was it inclined to hold on to the "signs and wonders" in the heavens, such as meteors, eclipses, and especially comets. An enormous mass of superstition grew up about these things in the earliest times, and when this was re-enforced by various texts, interpreted after the fashion of the time, a grotesque cometary orthodoxy was produced from which 'it was heresy to depart. In the "sound and safe" theological learning of the time they were tokens of Divine wrath against human sin, or they presaged distress which should come upon the earth, such as famine or pestilence or the death of kings. Such a view had obvious advantages. It gave the clergy a hold on the superstitious imaginations of their flock, and besides it seemed to give a visible manifestation of the Divine existence. With all these advantages, the scientific view was denounced as godless and blasphemous, as a matter of course, and as rooting in a wicked purpose to dethrone God. But plainly the main source of trouble was the false supernatural. Men forgot the 19th Psalm, and looked for God in signs and wonders, but missed Him in the orderly heavens. Hence when the signs and wonders were reduced to law, they supposed that atheism was at the door.

The same sorry history was repeated with meteorology. The theologian forged a theory of storms, and especially of lightning, for which he had the usual stock of texts. Powers infernal and supernal mingled in this theory. The "prince of the power of the air," in particular, played a leading rôle, although witches were cast for prominent parts. Witches were easily managed, but Satan was cast out by exorcisms, the burning of asafetida, and especially by the ringing of consecrated bells. Of course meteorology was "a godless science" which was resisted as long as possible. And the reason was that the false supernatural had placed religion in hostility to the notion of law.

The development of medical science reveals the same aberration. The canon law declared the precepts of medicine contrary to Divine knowledge. The theory that diseases are due to natural causes which may be discovered, and removed or guarded against, was deprecated as irreligious. There was something of unbelief in seeking cure by natural means. For diseases were either "visitations" from above, or due to the devil; and in either case "vain was the help of man." To seek for help from the physicians, especially after the doleful experience of Hezekiah, was "flying in the face of Providence," "endeavoring to baffle a Divine judgment," "unfaithfulness to the revealed law of God." Every advance of medical science was met with similar opposition. Inoculation and vaccination were quite infernal; quinine was "an in-

vention of the devil," and sanitation was a work of unbelief. It was only in 1853 that the Presbytery of Edinburg urged Lord Palmerston to appoint a day of fasting and prayer for averting the cholera. His lordship replied by advising them to clean up the slums and remove "those causes and sources of contagion which, if allowed to remain, will infallibly breed pestilence and be fruitful in death, in spite of all the prayers and fastings of a united but inactive nation." This is a commonplace now, but it was little less than blasphemy then. The false supernatural was the source of the good Scotchman's trouble.

Sporadic cases of this thing are often very funny. In Sweden they sometimes have red snow and rain, and this passed for a miracle. Linnæus looked into a case of this kind and found it due to minute insects which produced the red color. When Bishop Svedberg heard of this "bald naturalism," he denounced it as an "abyss of Satan," the aim of which was doing away with the miracle. "When God allows such a miracle to take place, Satan endeavors, and so do his ungodly, self-reliant, worldly tools, to make it signify nothing."

Coleridge relates how some students at Jena, in the attempt to raise a spirit for the discovery of a supposed hidden treasure, were poisoned by the fumes of charcoal which they were burning in their incantations. It was taken for granted that the devil had destroyed them; and when Hoffmann, a renowned physician of the time, acquitted the devil of all direct concern in the business, and charged the result to the spirit of avarice and the fumes of burning charcoal, the theological faculty took the alarm and denounced such teaching as hostile to religion and tending to atheism. The Swedish bishop and the German professors were in the toils of the false supernatural.

And the same thing still haunts popular thought, not of course in such grotesque forms, but really nevertheless. Nature is supposed to be godless. The steady laws of the world reveal no Divine presence. The human mind and conscience have nothing of God in them. History has no voice. God is to be sought for in signs and wonders, in prodigies and miracles, in manifestations and outpourings, in anything rather than in the laws and life which He has made. Hence the confusion of many assailants and many defenders of the Bible. The former set up a crude and impossible naturalism, and the latter complete the folly by an equally crude and impossible supernaturalism.

The only way out is to see that the natural is simply the order of Divine procedure, and not a rival of God. When this is generally seen, naturalism and supernaturalism will no longer appear as unnaturally exclusive conceptions, but rather as mutually implying each other, or as opposite faces of God's one work. Then we shall be freed from the fear of losing God in the law, for whatever God may work by law is as much His work as ever.

"God is law, say the wise, O Soul, and let us rejoice."

For if He thunder by law, the thunder is still His voice."

TWO QUESTIONS

SUSAN E. GAMMONS.

Would I know Him — my Redeemer —
Should I meet Him face to face
In the home of many mansions,
Where He has prepared a place?
I have never seen His likeness,
I have never heard Him speak,
Never clasped His hand in greeting;
Should I know Him whom I seek?

John would know Him; He had noted,
As he leaned upon His breast,
Every play of those loved features
Soon in death's cold calm to rest.
Peter — he would surely know Him;
On his heart His image burned
Past effacing, when in sadness
Those meek eyes upon him turned.

Lazarus would those eyes remember,
Wet with tears beside his grave;
Blind ones know the Voice so tender,
And the Hand outstretched to save.
Mary, loosed from demon's bondage,
Last to leave and first to greet,
She would know Him, and the Mary
Who had listened at His feet.

Mothers, mothers, would remember,
Jairus' wife, and she of Nain;
And that pleading heathen woman,
Knowing once, would know again.
He would know who suffered with Him,
Justly paying cost of vice,
That pale brow, thorn-wreathed in mock-
ing,
Glory-crowned in Paradise.

Deaf ones, maimed and paralytic,
Lepers cleansed by mount or sea,
And the blessed little children,
They would know — but what of me?
Surely, surely, I should know Him,
For in heaven it cannot be
That e'en one of all His angels
Wears such loving look as He.

If He raised His hands in blessing,
Nail-scarred palms my eyes would
greet;
Bowing low in adoration,
I should know those wounded feet.
I should know Him; yet one question
I must ask, my soul, of thee:
Answer, thou, and answer truly —
Would that loving One know me?
Westport, Mass.

SECOND CROPS

In Two Parts

II

PROF. DALLAS LORE SHARP.

NATURE'S prodigality and parsimony are extremes farther apart than her east and west. Why should she be so lavish of interstellar space, and crowd a drop of stagnant water so? Why give the wide sea-surface to the petrels, and screw the sea urchins into the rocks on Grand Manan? Why scatter in Delaware Bay a million sturgeon eggs for every one hatched, while each mite of a paramoecium is cut in two, and wholes made of the halves? Why leave an entire forest of green, live pines for a lonesome crow-hermitage, and convert the rottenest old stump into a submerged-tenth tenement?

Part of the answer, at least, is found in Nature's hatred and horror of death. She fiercely refuses to have any dead. An empty heaven, a lifeless sea, an uninhabited rock, a dead drop of water, a dying

paramoecium, are intolerable and impossible. She hastens always to give them life. The succession of strange dwellers to the decaying trees is an instance of her universal and endless effort at making matter live.

Such vigilance over the ever-dying is very comforting — and marvelous too. Let any indifferent apple-tree begin to have holes, and the tree-toads, the blue-birds and red squirrels move in, to fill the empty trunk with new life and the sapless limbs with fresh fruit. Let any tall, stray oak along the river start to die at the top, and straightway a pair of fish hawks will load new life upon it. And these other, engrafted lives, like the graft of a greening upon wild wood, yield crops more valuable often, and always more interesting, than come from the native stock.

Perhaps there is no more useless fruit or timber grown than that of the swamp gums (*nyssa uniflora*) of the Jersey bottoms. But if we value trees according to their capacity for cavities — the naturalist has a right to such a scale of valuation — then these gums rank first. The deliberate purpose of a swamp gum, through its hundred years of life, is to grow as big as possible that it may hollow-out accordingly. They are the natural home-makers of the swamps that border the rivers and creeks in southern New Jersey. What would the coons, the turkey buzzards, and the owls do without them? The wild bees believe the gums are especially built for them. No white-painted hive, with its disappearing squares, offers half as much safety to these freebooters of the summer seas as the gums, open-hearted, thick-walled, and impregnable.

When these trees alone make up the swamp, there is a roomy, empty, echoey effect among the great gray boles with their high, horizontal limbs spanned like rafters above, produced by no other trees I know. It is worth a trip across the continent to listen, under a clear autumn moon, to the cry of a coon-dog, far away in the empty halls of such a swamp. To get the true effect of a barred owl's hooting, one wants to find the home of a pair in an ancient gum swamp. I know such a home, along Cohansey Creek, where, the neighboring farmer tells me, he has heard the owls hoot in spring and autumn since he remembers hearing anything.

I cannot reach around the butt of the tree that holds the nest. Tapering just a trifle and a little on the lean, it runs up smooth and round for twenty feet, where a big bulge occurs, just above which is the capacious opening to the owls' cave. There was design in the bulge, or foresight in the owls' choice; for that excrescence is the hardest thing to get beyond I ever climbed up to. But it must be mounted, or the queerest pair of little dragons ever hatched will go unseen.

The birds themselves first guided me to the spot. I was picking my way through this piece of woods one April day, when a shadowy something swung from one high limb to another, overhead, following me. It was the female owl. Every time she lighted she turned and fixed her big black eyes hard on me, silent, sombre and watchful. As I pushed deeper among the gums, she began to snap her beak and drop closer. Her excitement grew every moment. I looked about for the likely tree. The in-

stant I spied the hole above the bulge, the owl caught the direction of my eyes, and made a swoop at me that I thought meant total blindness.

I began to climb. With this the bird lapsed into the quiet of despair, perched almost in reach of me, and began to hoot mournfully: "Woo-hoo, woo-hoo, hoo-hoo, oo-oo-a!" And faint, and far away, came back a timid "Woo-hoo, woo-a" from her mate, safely hid across the creek.

The weird, uncanny cry rolled round under the roof of limbs and seemed to wake a ghost-owl in every hollow hole, echoing and re-echoing as it called from tree to tree, to die away down the dim, deep vistas of the swamp. The silent wings, the snapping beaks, the eerie hoots in the soft gloom of the great trees, needed the help of but little imagination to carry one back to the threshold of an untracked world, and embolden its nymphs and satyrs, that these centuries of science have hunted into hiding.

I wiggled above the bulge at the risk of life, and was greeted at the mouth of the cavern with hisses and beak-snappings from within. It was a raw spring day; snow still lingered in shady spots. But here, backed against the further wall of the cavity, were two young owls, scarcely a week old, wrapped up like little Esquimaux — tiny bundles of down that the whitest-toothed frost could never bite through.

Very green babies of all kinds are queer — uncertain, indescribable creations, faith generators. But the greenest, homeliest, unlikeliest, babyest babes I ever encountered were these two in the hole. I wish Walt Whitman had seen them. He would have written a poem. They defy my powers of portrayal, for they challenge the whole mob of my normal instincts.

But quite as astonishing as the appearance of the young owls was the presence beneath their feet of the head of a half-grown muskrat, the hindquarters of two frogs, one large meadow vole, and parts of four mice, with many other pieces too small to identify. These all were fresh — the crumbs of one night's dinner, the leavings of one night's catch. If these were the fragments only, what would be a conservative estimate of the night's entire catch?

Gilbert White tells of a pair of owls that built under the eaves of Selborne Church, that he "minuted" with his "watch for an hour together," and found that they returned to the nest, the one or the other, "about once in every five minutes" with a mouse or some little beast for the young. Twelve mice an hour! Suppose they hunted only two evening hours a day? The record at the summer's end is almost beyond belief.

Not counting any for the two old owls, and leaving out of the count the two frogs, it is within limits to reckon not less than six small animals brought to the hollow gum every night of the three weeks that these young owls were dependent for food — a riddance in this short time of not less than one hundred and twenty-five muskrats, mice and voles. What four boys in the same time could clear the meadows of half that number? And these animals are all harmful, the muskrats exceedingly so, where the

meadows are made by dykes and embankments.

Not a tree in South Jersey that spring bore a more profitable crop. And when fruit-growing in Jersey is done for pleasure, the altruistic farmer with a love for natural history will find large reward in his orchards of gums, that now are only swamps.

Just as useful as the crop of owls, and beyond all calculation in its sweetening effects upon our village life, is the annual yield of swallows by the piles in the river. Years ago a high spring tide carried away the south wing of the old bridge, but left the piles, green and grown over with moss, standing with their heads just above flood-tide mark. In the tops of the piles are holes, bored to pass lines through, or left by rusted bolts, and eaten wide by waves and wind. Beside these there are a few genuine excavations made by erratic woodpeckers. This whole clump of water-logged piles has been colonized by blue-backed tree swallows; every crack and cranny wide enough and deep enough to hold a nest being appropriated for domestic uses by a pair of the dainty people. It is no longer a sorry forest of battered, sunken stumps; it is a swallow-Venice. And no gayer gondoliers ever glided over wave-paved streets than these swallows on the river. When the days are longest the village does its whittling on the new bridge in the midst of this twittering bird-life; watching the swallows in the sunsets skim and flash among the rotting timbers over the golden-flowing tide.

If I turn from the river toward the woods again, I find the fences all the way are green with vines and a-hum with bumble-bees. Even the finger-board at the cross-roads is a living pillar of ivy. All is life. There are no dead, no graveyards anywhere. A nature-made cemetery does not exist in my locality. Yonder, where the forest-fire came down and drank of the river, is a stretch of charred stumps; but every one is alive with some sort of a tenant. Not a stump is a tombstone. We have graves and slabs and names in our burial-place, and nothing more. But there is not so much as a slab in the fields and woods. When the telegraph poles and the piles are cut, the stumps are immediately prepared for new life and soon begin blossoming into successive beds of mosses and mushrooms; while the birds are directed to follow the bare poles and make them live again.

A double line of these pole-spectres stretches along the road in front of my door, holding hands around the world. I have grown accustomed to the hum of the wires, and no longer notice the sound. But one May morning recently there was a new note in the pole just outside the yard. I laid my ear to the wood. "Pick—pick—pick"—then all was still. Again, after a moment's pause, I heard—"pick—pick—pick," on the inside. At my feet was a scattering of tiny yellow chips. Backing off a little, I discovered the hole, about the size of my fist, way up near the cross-bars. It was not the first time I had found "high-hole" laying claim to the property of the telegraph companies. I stole back and thumped. Instantly a dangerous bill and a flashing eye appeared, and "high-hole," with his miner's lamp burning red

in the top of his cap, lunged off across the fields.

Throughout the summer there was telegraphing with and without wires on that dry, resonant pole. And meantime, if there was anything unintelligible in the ciphers at Glasgow or Washington, it was "high-hole" talk. For there was reared inside that pole as large, as noisy, and as red-headed a family of flickers as ever hatched. What a brood they were! They must have snarled the wires and babelized their talk terribly.

While this robust and uncultured family of flickers were growing up, only three doors away (counting by poles) a modest and soft-voiced pair of bluebirds, with a decently numbered family of four, were living in a hole so near the ground that I could look in upon the meek but brave little mother.

There is still another dead-tree crop that the average bird-lover and summer naturalist rarely gathers—I mean the white-footed mice. They are the jolliest little beasts in all the tree-hollows. It is when the woods are bare and deep with snow, when the cold dead winter makes outside living impossible, that one really appreciates the coziness and protection of the life in these deep rooms, sunk like wells into the hearts of the trees. With what unconcern the mice await nightfall and the coming of the storms! They can know nothing of the anxiety and dread of the crows; they can share little of the crows' suffering in the bitter nights of winter. A warm, safe bed is a large item in out-of-doors living when it is cold; and I have seen where these mice tuck themselves away from the dark and storm in beds so snug and warm that I wished to be an elf myself, with white feet and a long tail, to creep in with them.

I had some wood-choppers near the house on the lookout for mice, but, though they often marked the stumps where they had cut into nests, the winter nearly passed before I secured a single white-foot. That one I caught myself. Coming up from the pond one day with a clerical friend, after a vain attempt to skate, we lost our way in the knee-deep snow, and while floundering about happened upon a large dead pine that was new to me. It was as stark, as naked, and as dead a tree, apparently, as ever went to dust. The limbs were broken off a foot or more from the trunk, and stuck out like stumps of arms; the top had been drilled through and through by woodpeckers, and now lay several feet away, buried in the snow; and the bole, like the limbs, was without a shred of bark, but covered instead with a thin coating of slime. This slime was marked with fine scratches, as would be made by the nails of very small animals. Almost rudely I interrupted my learned friend's discussion of the documentary hypothesis with the irreverent exclamation that there were mice in the old corpse. The Hebrew scholar stared at the tree. Then he stared at me. Had I gone daft so suddenly? But I was dropping off my overcoat and ordering him away to borrow the axe of a man we heard chopping. He looked utterly undone, but thought it best to humor me, though I know he dreaded putting an axe in my hands just then, and would infinitely rather have substituted his skates. But I

insisted, and he disappeared for the axe.

The snow was deep, the pine was punky and would easily fall; and now was the chance to get my mice. They were in there, I knew, for those fine, fresh scratches told of scramblers gone up to the woodpecker holes since the storm.

The preacher appeared with the axe. Off came his coat. He was as eager now as though this tottering pine were an altar of Baal. He was anxious, also, to know if I had an extra sense—a kind of X-ray organ that saw mice at the centres of trees. And, priest though he was (shame on the human animal!), he had grown a little excited at the prospect of the chase of—mice!

I tramped away the snow about the tree. The axe was swinging swiftly through the air; the preacher was repeating between strokes: "I'm—truly—sorry—man's—dominion—has"—when suddenly there came a crunch, a crash, and the axeman leaped aside with the yell of a fiend; for, as the tree struck, three tiny, brown-backed, white-footed creatures were dashed into the soft snow. "The prettiest thing I ever saw," he declared, enthusiastically, as I put into his hand the only mouse captured.

We traced the chambers up and down the tree as they wound, stairway-like, just inside the hard outer shell. Here and there we came upon garners of acorns and bunches of bird feathers and shredded bark—a complete fortress against the siege of winter.

That pine had not borne a green needle for a decade. It was too long dead and too much decayed to have even a fat knot left. Yet there was not a livelier, more interesting tree in the region that winter, nor one half so full of goings-on, as this same old shell of a pine, with scarcely heart enough to stand.

Boston University.

CORN STALKS -- EARS OF CORN

REV. D. H. ELA, D. D.

THERE is a great difference in the value of the two, though people do not always consider it when they are looking over the field. Indeed, I think that, for looks, tall stalks and broad green leaves are better than ears. But when you come to gather corn for the table, it is the ears that count. I was out in my corn-patch the other day, creeping between rows of green leaves and looking up at the tall spindles overhead, when some boys came by with their fish-poles on the way to the brook. I soon interested them in my tall corn, and borrowed a fish-pole of them with which to measure it, and I was proud, and they were astonished, to find it nine feet high. One of them strongly advised me to send some of it to the Cornville fair, assuring me that I would get the premium for the tallest corn. Perhaps I should; but what dampened my ardor a bit was the fact that my neighbor Smith's five-foot corn had nice large ears—he had been eating some of it—while my nine-foot stalks were yet innocent of silk; and I remembered just then something in an old book about "What is the chaff to the wheat?"

Perhaps my garden suggests a lesson to the churches—something of a great show and a good harvest, a big crowd of curiosity-hunters and a harvest of converts. Some pulpites always have a congregation, but do not proportionately gather converts. Some always report a goodly col-

umn of probationers, but they do not foot up a like increase of full members. "I am bound to get my crowd any way," said one of this class; and he advertised sensational subjects, serial and illustrated sermons and stereopticon pictures. When he left, his church membership had not increased, but his probationers' list was reported larger than his Sunday morning congregation, and the boys on the street used to talk of his Sunday evening service as "Bagger's theatre." His faithful, unsensational neighbor meanwhile had been making steady additions to his membership. At the end of their pastorates one church needed to be reorganized, the other did not. Were the two like my corn and that of my neighbor? Had one grown stalks and leaves, and the other luscious ears?

A big congregation is desirable as an opportunity for a faithful minister, an inspiration and spur, perhaps, but the green leaves of popular applause will not compare with the "full corn in the ear."

It is an easy thing to get your name into the papers and to be quoted as drawing a crowd and being a sensational preacher; and it pays, if you want to get a call to a big church in a far-off Conference—perhaps. But if gathering, instructing and guiding souls in the way of salvation be the business of the preacher, the tall corn doesn't always bring the biggest harvest. "What is success?" asked one of our Bishops. The plain brother replied: "The most wheat and the least chaff on God's threshing floor—that is success." That means, not the tallest stalk, but the heaviest ears, of corn.

Hudson, Mass.

REV. THOMAS ALLEN, D. D.

President of the Wesleyan Conference

MORE than forty years ago a young man was leaving a Cheshire farmhouse to enter the Didsbury Wesleyan College to be trained for the work of the Methodist ministry. His mother, who had been a widow for seventeen years, not without a struggle parted from her only son, who for so long a time had been the solace of her widowhood. "It seems to me," said this Christian mother, "to be the Lord's will that you should leave me. I dare not object. I do not know that I have anything more to say to you, excepting this, that wherever you go, and whatever you become, you must always show a genial side towards poor people."

The young man to whom that maternal charge was addressed was Thomas Allen, the newly-elected President of the Wesleyan Conference; and it is to his honor that during a long and distinguished career he has never forgotten his mother's words. It is the testimony of one who knows him well that "his geniality and homeliness have made it easy in all his circuits for the poorest to be in touch with him on all sorts of occasions. The Bolton weavers and the Sheffield grinders never felt that there was any wall of partition, clerical or social, between him and them."

The new President is a product of village Methodism. He was born in 1837 at the Hollyhurst, in the parish of Marbury, in the county of Cheshire. The early traditions of his family were associated with the Congregational form of church fellowship, and Mr. Allen has ever cultivated the friendliest relations with the members and ministers of the Free Churches. When his grandfather removed to Hollyhurst he

discovered that a Sunday-evening service was conducted by the Methodists in a cottage not far distant. He joined himself to this "church in a house," and then opened his own house for worship.

It is an interesting picture that Dr. Allen gives of his early religious environment: "My earliest recollections in regard



REV. THOMAS ALLEN, D. D.

to divine worship are associated with the house in which I was born. How well I remember the details of the household service; the interest with which I used to carry down the chairs from the bedrooms and place them in rows across the floor; the bookboard which fitted in the back of a chair; the candlestick, which was suspended by a wire from the ceiling; the snuffers, which used, sometimes, to snuff the light out; the chair in front of the clock, occupied by a farm laborer who started the tunes; and the oak-screen by the fire on which the old people used to sit." It was a simple form of service, with no pomp of ceremony, that was conducted in that farm kitchen, but it is one of the glories of the religion of Christ that the divine forces that nourish the life of the soul are as freely given to the worshipers in the lonely homestead as to those who under the fretted vault of the vast cathedral raise the hymn of praise.

In the midst of that little congregation of farmers and laborers sat a thoughtful boy in whom spiritual susceptibilities were early awakened by the Spirit of God. At thirteen Thomas Allen became a member of the society; at eighteen he came on the plan as a local preacher; and two years later he was accepted as a candidate for the ministry, and entered Didsbury College. His career in the ministry has been one of growing popularity and power. Alike in busy manufacturing centres like Leeds, Sheffield, and Bolton, in suburban circuits regarded as the homes of culture and refinement, like Bristol (Clifton) and Southport (Morningson-road and Trinity), and in metropolitan circuits as diverse as Westminster and Highgate, Dr. Allen has won high regard for the faithfulness and efficiency of his service.

Though three years ago he was called from the circuit life of Methodism, and appointed governor and tutor in pastoral theology of the Handsworth College, Birmingham, Dr. Allen is essentially a circuit minister. It is inevitable that many of the strongest men in the Methodist

ministry drift into departmental office, and it is no matter for surprise that few Presidents of recent years have been identified with the ordinary circuit life of Methodism. It is all the more, therefore, a matter for rejoicing among the rank and file of the ministry that in raising Dr. Allen to the chair Methodism has honored one who for thirty-six years lived among his brethren as a circuit minister and faced the difficulties and problems of circuit life.

Dr. Allen has received many marks of the confidence of his brethren. In 1887 he was elected a member of the Legal Hundred—the central and official body in which the authority of the Conference is vested. In 1890 he was chosen by the then President to write the pastoral address to the Methodist societies. He was one of the English representatives at the last Ecumenical Conference, and during the present year he has attended the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America as the fraternal delegate of the English Conference. For six years in succession Dr. Allen was the chairman of the Sheffield District, and few Methodist preachers have gained such a high place in the esteem of the people, or made so deep an impression upon the public life of the great cutlery city.

The new President rejoices in a fine physique and vigorous health, traceable in some degree, doubtless, to the healthy surroundings and the country life of that Cheshire farmstead. As a preacher he is deliberate, thoughtful and impressive. On the platform he displays in no small degree the power of ready adaptation and of sound judgment. His wide reading and broadly sympathetic mind enable him to deal with many aspects of religious truth and phases of social life with freshness and force. Intensely loyal to the evangel of Christ, he is a keen student of modern movements, and seeks to apply Christian truth to the solution of social problems and the development of national life. His immediate predecessors in the chair of the Conference have been brethren distinguished for their services and attainments in different fields. Dr. Allen may not be so widely known beyond the borders of his own church, but he has won the love and esteem of his brethren, who admire his sterling gifts and unfailing fidelity, and confidently look to him to sustain most worthily the traditions of the high office he so deservedly fills.—*The Christian* (London).

THE ASSOCIATED FISTS

REV. GEORGE T. CANDLIN.

[The accompanying article on the "Boxers" was written for the *Japan Daily Mail* by Rev. George T. Candlin, a minister of the Methodist New Connexion Mission in North China. Miss Croucher, who kindly forwards the paper, says: "Mr. Candlin is a very learned and capable gentleman, and what he says may be taken with the utmost confidence."]

THIS society has been wrongly named the "Boxer Society." Though pugilism and wrestling are to some extent practised, "boxing" is entirely unknown in China. It is, therefore, inadmissible to call them "Boxers." The word employed by themselves, "ch'üen," means, literally, "the fist," and the phrase, "ta ch'üen f'ou," means to practice pugilism. But the exercises they engage in, now notorious to residents in China, and which have been named "Boxer drill," bear little or no resemblance either to pugilism or to boxing.

They consist of the repetition of words supposed to act as charms, violent contortions of the body, which appear to induce a state of trance, during which the subject is supposed to deliver to the bystanders occult messages respecting the progress of the movement. On resuming his normal state he is said to be quite unconscious of anything he did or said during his peculiar ecstasy.

The Association has named itself in the numerous placards it has issued by two slightly varying names which are used by it with about equal freedom—the "i ho ch'üen," or the "i ho tuan." In each of these names the two first of the ideographs are the same, and there is no doubt about their meaning: "i," in this connection, means "volunteer," and "ho" means "combined," "associated;" "ch'üen" means "the fist," or, as its etymology implies, "the hand rolled up;" "tuan" means a guard or train-band. Volunteer Associated Fists, or Volunteer Associated Train-bands, may sound a little clumsy in western languages, but they are at any rate correct translations of the names these remarkable rebels have chosen for themselves.

The Society aims at nothing less than the expulsion of all foreigners and all things foreign from China, and the restoration of the empire to its former position of exclusion and self-sufficiency. Its animus is peculiarly strong against foreign religions, not only because the missionary pervades the whole interior of the country, or because his converts are now for the first time becoming a body respectable by its numbers and thoroughly imbued with an earnest desire for foreign intercourse and innovation, but also because its leaders, by a true instinct, are able to divine that religion is the great transforming force which, once permitted to permeate the very springs and secret spiritual forces of the nation's life, will "make all things new." This animus again reaches its most extreme point of intensity in its opposition to the Roman Catholic missions, these being the longest established and the most numerous, and having, so far as we can learn, done more to protect and assist their converts in cases of litigation than the Protestant missions. But these distinctions are trivial. In the significant phrase often employed in their literature, they propose to "make a clean sweep"—everything foreign is to be driven off, merchant hongs, machine shops, railways, telegraphs, guns, rifles—everything. The Society has been spoken of as patriotic, and it is for this reason, so it is said, that it is protected by the Empress Dowager. This, however, does not hinder it from assailing the Government as it stands, and the Emperor himself, with all the highest officials in the empire, are fiercely assailed in its publications. Its manifesto seems rather against individuals than against the dynasty itself. Its aim differs from that of former rebellions and all other secret societies known to us, inasmuch as it is not a crusade of "Ming" against "Ch'ing." It is favored by the Manchus, and a prince of the blood, Prince Tuan, is said to be a member of its secret conclave. The "ta tao hui"—Great Sword Society—has been supposed to be only another name for the same association. It is much more likely that the Great Sword Society was altogether of a subordinate character, but with many other secret societies has been caught in the swell of the vast organization which has so suddenly and mysteriously sprung into activity. "I ho ch'üen" itself is not exactly of recent date, and one of the late edicts refers to it by name as existing during the reign of Chia Ch'ing.

Altogether the most singular feature of this strange movement is the peculiar relation to it of young children. In every district and in every town it has visited it has commenced its work among young people ranging between the ages of ten and twenty. The "drill" is always commenced by them. We have ourselves seen them practising it, and have received scores of reports of its exercise in town and village, but always when the question has been put, what kind of people are they, the reply has been, "hsiao hai tzii," small children. Until actual rioting has commenced we have never heard of grown men appearing in the movement. This has been the principal reason why it has been treated lightly by foreign observers, and perhaps has had something to do with the inactivity of the Chinese officials in dealing with it. Mandarins would not arrest, and foreigners could not take seriously the doings of very young boys and even girls, until the sudden outburst of murderous and incendiary attacks proved that after all it was no mere child's play. Of course when the rebels actually appear in arms it is men and not children who do the destructive work; but until that stage is reached it appears for the most part an affair of children. It is not simply the case that children are aping in public the secret doings of their elders. They are an essential factor in the growth of the Society in every place where it makes its appearance. It is they who most readily induce the strange trance characteristic of the "drill." To them the mystic messages of the impending advent of their leaders are given. They are its plastic and docile mediums. We have never been able to quite clear up this point, but their supposed possession of supernatural powers seems to be somehow connected with the marriage ceremony. In the placards are mysterious allusions to the "Light of the Red Lamp," and the rebels, in addition to wearing red turbans and red girdles, are said to carry red lamps. There is, however, a deeper meaning than this attached to the phrase, "hung teng chao." The "hung teng" is an invariable adjunct of the bridal chamber; "chao" means to light, to illuminate, to reveal. Early marriage is practised in China, and it is a curious fact that the marriage age exactly tallies with that of the great majority of the youths engaged in these singular exercises. It is certain that, in addition to much other mythology, the movement involves the idea of a revelation, and there is ground for supposing that the revelation is somehow or other connected with the institution of marriage, and the "hung teng chao" may be translated "the revelation of the bridal chamber."

The Society's method of procedure, as it appears to the outside observer, is as follows: In any particular place which has been so far undisturbed by their operations the rumors become more persistent and more wonderful as to the Society's doings in other districts, and placards begin to appear, sometimes mysteriously pasted on the walls of buildings by night, sometimes handed to individuals in a crowded market. A general state of mingled excitement, fear, and expectation is created, and especially the idea of the advent of invincible swordsmen armed with supernatural power, and teachers and leaders, is instilled into the mind of a populace superstitious in the extreme and a large portion of whom are ripe for any mischief and supremely covetous of loot. Then children varying in age from ten to twenty are seen in vacant spaces and on the corners of the streets "drilling." In addition to the revelations considered to be connected with these exercises they are supposed to render those who engage in

them invulnerable alike to sword thrusts and to rifle bullets. Gradually their numbers increase, older people take part, and then for the first time definite organization is proposed. Leaders are appointed, adherents are formed into what are called "lu"—hearths. These hearths are equivalent to camps. They number five hundred each; and every member is sworn to obey the leaders, to sleep and take food with the rest, and to have the grain and meal necessary for his support sent from home. The next step is to commence work by firing some foreign mission house, railway station, mission chapel, or other obnoxious building, putting to the sword all native Christians they can find and any hapless "foreign devil" who may fall into their hands. In the performance of this part of the program it is impossible to distinguish the rebels from the populace. Swarming in thousands, they murder, destroy, and loot till there is little left behind.

In this way, though on a comparatively small scale, the work of the Society commenced more than a year ago, and large numbers of Chinese Christians in the interior of Shantung were harried out of house and home, taking refuge in the foreign quarters of their mission. The murder of Rev. Sydney Brooke, a member of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel," near Ping Yin, was an incident in their campaign of ravages. The movement has grown to enormous proportions during the year. It is much to be feared the court itself and the higher officials have conspired at its destructive work; at any rate every Chinese official, civil and military, has been paralyzed before it. Within hardly more than a month, starting with the massacre of some hundreds of Roman Catholic Christians in the villages round Paotingfu, it has swept down the Lu Han railway line, driving the Belgian engineers before it. The latter made a brave stand in repeated conflicts with their assailants, killing a considerable number; four of them fell victims, and the rest of the party arrived wounded and almost naked in Tien-Tsin. The Society has burnt and looted every station on the line, wrecked the railway, demolished the shops at Fengtai, invested Peking, shut up all the foreign ministers in Peking; the Japanese Chancellor of Legation has been murdered; the advance of the British Admiral, with a mixed body of 2,300 foreign troops with guns, has been driven back on Tien-Tsin; the Settlement there has been sacked, and at the moment of writing we do not know how many of the foreign residents of Peking or Tien-Tsin are alive or dead, or what is the condition of the railway from Taku to Tongshan, and of the large railway works and mines there, which foreigners have been compelled to abandon.

Though very little information of a conclusive character is to be had, and there is therefore no absolute proof of its existence, everything points to the supposition that there is a very powerful Inner Council or Conclave which, working in profound secrecy, matures the plans by which the Society works. It has been hatched in Buddhist monasteries and the purlieus of the Yamens. Priests or monks of the Buddhist faith are among the leaders. Governor Yü of Shantung, Prince Tuan, Tung Fu-shiang, a much trusted Chinese general, and even the Empress Dowager herself, have been boldly mentioned as members of it. This Council conceals the mysterious placards, sends forerunners who work up the bands in various districts, and has men in it of sufficient influence to bring over to its side the gentry of each district, and, above all, to silence the officials. — *Japan Daily Mail*.

THE FAMILY

"SURSUM CORDA"

ELLA C. G. PAGE.

Lift up your hearts! the shades of dusk are falling,
The shadows deepen, and the night is near;

The day is waning, men to slumber calling,
Darkness and desolation hover near.
Lift up your hearts!

Lift up your hearts! the day of life is waning,
The hands wax feeble, and the heart is chill;

The mother earth her dust-born child is claiming
To rest within her bosom calm and still.
Lift up your hearts!

Lift up your hearts! Death's icy chill hath bound you —
Your labors done, your work for weal or woe;

Already now his clasping arm hath wound you,
Your weary feet are ready now to go.
Lift up your hearts!

Lift up your hearts! The shades of night are breaking,
The morning gladdens with a sudden thrill.

O franchised souls! to heavenly daylight waking,
With angels round the throne that do His will
Lift up your hearts!

Methuen, Mass.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Out in the fields
Summer heat gloweth,
Out in the fields
Summer wind bloweth,
Out in the fields
Summer friend showeth,
Out in the fields
Summer wheat groweth;
But in the winter
When summer heat is dead,
And summer wind has veered,
And summer friend has fled,
Only summer wheat remaineth,
Wheat cakes and bread.

— Christina Rossetti.

Our doubts of unending life grow out of our earthiness. — S. E. Herrick, D. D.

Begin by denying yourself, and by-and-by you forget yourself. The kindness which was at first just a duty becomes a pleasure and a joy. Self-denial becomes glorified into self-forgetfulness. — Rev. Brooke Herford.

The highway of holiness is along the commonest road of life — along your very way. In wind and rain, no matter how it beats, it is only going hand in hand with Him. — Mark Guy Pearse.

We talk about the telescope of faith, but I think we want even more the microscope of watchful and grateful love. Apply this to the little bits of our daily lives, in the light of the Spirit, and how wonderfully they come out! — Frances R. Havergal.

The longer I live, the more disposed I am to believe that there are people that more might have been made of. Let not the peach that hangs on the south side of the tree, that

feels the breath of the south wind, and is warmed into blushes by the kisses of the sun, be too hard on its green, gnarled, acid neighbor that hangs on the shady side, and never feels anything other than the bitter biting of the north wind's breath. — P. S. Henson, D. D.

Let us carry into the commonest facts of daily life, into the street, the market, the social meeting, every gift and grace of love that can be received through the soul's communion with the Divine. — Lilian Whiting.

Wouldst thou fan thine expectations of a coming day? I know not where thou canst kindle them so well as at the fire of the day which is gone. The wings on which thou soarest are not made of fancies, but of experiences. It is on the steps of vanquished Calvary that thou mountest the heights of Olivet. It was after the flood that the rainbow was seen. I never really hope in God till I have passed through the waters. It is across the snow that the bells of happiest prospect ring. It is through the rent shadow that I see nearest the promised land; he that overcometh shall receive the morning star. — Rev. George Matheson.

No duty, however hard and perilous, should be feared one-half so much as failure in the duty. People sometimes shrink from responsibility, saying they dare not accept it because it is so great. But in shrinking from duty they are really encountering a far more serious condition than that which they evade. It is a great deal easier to do that which God gives us to do, no matter how hard it is, than to face the responsibility of not doing it. We have abundant assurance that we shall receive all the strength we need to perform any duty God allots to us; but if we fall out of the line of obedience, and refuse to do anything which we ought to do, we find ourselves at once out of harmony with God's law and God's providence, and cannot escape the consequences of failure. — J. R. Miller, D. D.

Sometimes I think I am like a gardener who has planted the seed of some rare exotic. He watches as the two little points of green leaf first spring above the soil. He shifts it from soil to soil, from pot to pot. He waters it, says it through thousands of mischiefs and accidents. He counts every leaf, and marks the strengthening of the stem till at last the blossom bud is fully formed. What curiosity, what eagerness, what expectation, what longing to see the mystery unfold in the new flower! Just as the calyx begins to divide and a faint streak of color becomes visible — lo! in one night the owner of the greenhouse sends and takes it away. He does not consult me. He gives me no warning. He silently takes it, and I look, but it is no more. Do I suppose He has destroyed the flower? Far from it; I know that He has taken it to His own garden. — Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"Leanness of soul" arises far more often than we think from the indigestible nature of the spiritual food we have been feeding upon. We are not satisfied to eat the food God has provided for us, and we hunger for the flesh-pots of Egypt. We do not like our providential surroundings perhaps, or our church, or our preacher, or our work, or our family associations, and we are all the time thinking we could be better Christians if only our circumstances were different, if we could attend a different church, or move into a different neighborhood, or engage in a different sort of work. Our

souls "loathe the light food" of God's providing; and we question, as the Israelites did, whether God is really able to provide the spiritual food necessary for us in the "wilderness," where He seems to have appointed our dwelling-place. — HANNAH WHITALL SMITH, in "Every Day Religion."

Alas! what reason have we to think any other station in the universe more sanctifying than our own? There is none, so far as we can tell, under the more immediate touch of God, none whence sublimer depths are open to adoration, none murmuring with the whisper of more thrilling affections, or ennobled as the theatre of more glorious duties. . . . Those to whom the earth is not consecrated will find their heaven profane. — James Martineau.

A little wayside pool, left by the rain,
Earth-bound, nor fair, nor bright;
But, see! the sun, low sinking, with its train
Of gold and crimson light.

A living, glowing color ecstasy,
Freed from its earthly bonds,
To all the glory of the western sky
The wayside pool responds.

A lowly life, humble and meek and still,
Set in an obscure place,
May shine with glory, living out God's will
Reflecting His own face.

— S. Alice Ranlett.

"HIS OWN RECEIVED HIM NOT"

HOPE DARING.

SQUIRE HAMILTON sprang lightly out of bed as he heard the clock strike five.

"A little late this morning," he thought, as he proceeded to dress. "And I've been awake for a half-hour. Somehow my mind is too full of yesterday's sermon to allow room for much else. The abiding presence of Christ — how plain our good pastor made it!"

He advanced to the window and raised the shade. Outside, flooded with the mellow August sunlight, lay the fertile fields, sunny pastures, and undulating meadows of the farm that had been the property of the Hamiltons for three generations. William Hamilton gave a long sigh of satisfaction as he turned away.

Just at the side of the window hung a "Scripture Roll," containing a text for each day. The message that met the squire's eye was: "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not."

He started. It was as if a voice had spoken to him. The passage of centuries was naught; Christ might come that day — "unto His own."

"What is it, William?" his wife asked. She had also risen and had been impressed by his rapt look.

"Your text for today had a message for me," he replied, bending his head to kiss her. "I hope I am one of 'His own,' Amy, and my heart is ready to receive Him."

Mrs. Hamilton did not speak, but her smile was enough. She looked after her husband as he walked from the room, glad tears filling her eyes.

Squire Hamilton paused on the back steps and lifted his face to the cloudless sky. It was a strong, fair face, although bronzed by an out-door life. The eyes were blue, a little restless but kindly, and the firm lips were hidden by a dark mustache.

"O God, how good Thou art!" was the

language of his heart. "What is Thy servant that Thou shouldst so smile upon him?"

He walked on to the barn and joined the hired man in caring for the stock. While his hands were busy, Squire Hamilton's thoughts still dwelt upon the joy and gladness brought by God's service.

Many of us are familiar with these hours of spiritual exaltation—hours when the spirit of the Master seems abiding in our hearts. Yet why should we say *seem*? Instead let us gladly receive Him as should "His own."

William Hamilton had just finished the milking of the last of the seven sleek cows and had lifted a pail brimming with rich milk in each hand when a shrill voice asked:—

"Be you Square Hamilton?"

He turned to find at his side an elfish-looking girl. She was no larger than a child of ten, but her face seemed to bear the impress of years of care. She wore a faded and frayed gingham dress and a torn sailor hat. She was barefooted and dirty.

Had a cloud passed over the serene sky? All the joyousness had gone out of the voice with which William Hamilton replied to the question:—

"Yes, I am Squire Hamilton. What did you want?"

"I'm Lettie Jewell. We live down there," pointing over her shoulder, "ma and Fred and me. Jest moved last week."

She paused, looking away from him and pulling her torn skirt in an embarrassed way.

"It's milk I want," she began, abruptly, her eyes resting on the pails which he had placed on the ground. "We hain't got no money. Can I come to the house every day and work to pay for a quart? I'll work hard."

He could not suppress a smile. This dirty elf in Amy's spotlessly clean kitchen! "We do not need any help," he said, not unkindly. "Mrs. Hamilton has a girl."

"If it wasn't but a pint"—she began, but he shook his head decidedly as he lifted the pails.

"No, it is impossible."

"Jewell," he repeated while on his way to the house. "They must be strangers. Lake always has a low set in the old cottage. Well, I don't want any of them around."

He carried the milk to the cellar, reascended the stairs, and paused on the north porch to wash. Then he stood looking thoughtfully off over the fields. Whither had fled the rapturous delight of a half-hour ago? Why were the times of spiritual uplifting so short-lived? Was not God the same, yesterday, today, and forever?

"I suppose it is because the cares of life must necessarily crowd out these things," he thought, impatiently, as he passed into the dining-room.

When the family were gathered around the table, the Squire bowed his head and asked God's blessing upon the meal. The breakfast hour was a pleasant one. The two little girls and baby Paul chatted merrily, while all enjoyed the oatmeal and cream, the corn muffins, broiled fish, baked potatoes, and coffee. Yet all the

time William Hamilton's heart was heavy.

Breakfast over, Amy brought the Bible. Her husband read the first chapter of John, lingering over the verse that had so impressed him that morning. As he lingered, there rose before him the face and hungry, pleading eyes of the child whose request he had so lightly passed by.

They knelt in prayer. The husband and father cried earnestly unto God, asking not only for Divine care and guidance, but also for "Thy presence ever with us, O Christ!" The burden was not lifted as he prayed.

After rising to his feet, William Hamilton stood with his eyes fixed upon the square of shadow-flecked sunlight outlined by the vine-draped window on the floor at his feet. Presently his wife laid her hand upon his arm.

"What is it, William?"

"Ah, what? Oh, I was thinking, that was all," and catching his straw hat from the rack, the farmer hurried out to commence his day's work.

It proved one of those days which unaccountably come into all lives—a day when "everything goes wrong." A valuable calf was found dead; the binder had gone but once around the oat field when there was a breakage that necessitated a trip to the nearest town and a delay of hours; a neighbor's cows were found feeding in the corn field; and a letter came notifying Squire Hamilton that a note signed by him for a friend was due, and that he must pay it.

Perhaps he bore these as well as he usually did such vexations. Still, his quick, impatient words and the frown upon his brow were hardly the outcome of the exaltation of the early morning.

He was returning, across his own fields, from driving home the trespassing cattle, when he came upon a small boy busy picking the great luscious wild blackberries that grew in abundance along the fence of a pasture field.

"Hello, there! Who gave you permission to pick those berries?" he called out.

The child looked up, his face pale with fright. It was a thin little face, with a strangely familiar look.

"I—I—why, sir, I didn't know any one would care. I s'posed in the country wild berries was free."

There was a ring of genuineness in the voice that half disarmed Squire Hamilton's displeasure.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Fred Jewell. We've jest come here to live, and I found these berries this morning. Mr. Lake said he'd pay me five cents a quart—"

"Yes, I see," the Squire interrupted him. "You meant no harm, but you'd better let the berries alone. My wife always wants the wild ones for jam."

"I didn't mean to steal, sir," Fred said, his voice trembling a little. "Please, sir, won't you let me pick the berries for you? I'll do it cheap. I do so want to earn some money."

"What little beggars!" the squire thought. Aloud he said: "No, I don't need any help."

There was a look of childish rage on the face uplifted to him. "I think folks are mean!" the boy cried. "I'd do anything

to earn money, and so would Lettie. It's too bad."

His vehemence startled the squire. Before he could ask a question, the lad was off, running rapidly across the field.

Squire Hamilton walked slowly homeward. "This morning I felt so assured of my nearness to Christ," he murmured, resolutely putting away the thought of the boy. "Night finds me dispirited and gloomy. Indeed, I fear should He come now He would not recognize me as 'His own.'"

Should! Ah! does He not come to us in the guise of the suffering and the sorrowing? How many times, if but we would, we might hear the blessed words: "Lo! it is I, be not afraid."

Another day came and went. There were not so many things to vex Squire Hamilton, but still his serene self-poise did not return to him. It was as if a cloud rested upon all things.

On coming to supper the second night he found his wife absent.

"She has gone down to that little old house of Mr. Lake's," Sadie, the hired girl, said. "Mrs. Cross sent for her. Some new people have moved in there, and there is some one sick."

William Hamilton frowned. Why did the new-comers so persistently haunt him?

It was sunset before Mrs. Hamilton returned. The squire was sitting on the steps of the front porch, watching the blood-red and golden lights in the west fade to pink and opaline tints. Amy came slowly up the path and sat down at his side.

"Well, little woman, give an account of yourself," he began, cheerily, then stopped, for one glance at her face showed him the traces of recent tears. "What is it, Amy?"

"You remember the verse of which you spoke yesterday?"

He nodded his head.

"I think Christ is giving us a chance to receive Him, dear," and there was a reverent thrill in her voice. "The inmates of the little cottage are a widow and her two children. They came from S—, fifty miles away. She, Mrs. Jewell, has been ill, and the doctor told her she must get out in the country. She came here, expecting to find a cousin. This cousin had moved, so Mrs. Jewell rented the cottage. They are very destitute—only a handful of miserable furniture and poor clothing."

She paused. His face was turned from her. After a little she resumed her story, slipping one hand into his as she talked:

"The journey had exhausted their little stock of money. The mother fell ill, and they were without food. The children went round trying to find work—they are little things, too—but no one would employ them. Just think, William, they were hungry, and no one helped them! At last the mother fainted, and when the children could not rouse her, they ran for Mrs. Cross. She sent for me. I shall never forget how ravenously they ate of the food which Mrs. Cross brought. To think that here in this land of plenty, here where God has given us such stores of food, the widow and the fatherless should go hungry!"

"Ah! Amy, I understand. Our Master sent these poor waifs, as His representa-

tives, to me, and, although I claim to be 'His own,' I received them not;" and with a grave face he told of his encounter with the Jewell children.

This was the beginning of a new life for Squire Hamilton. Mrs. Jewell and her children became his charge, and, as they grew stronger, were helped to help themselves. Nor was this all; he was a changed man. He had learned the lesson that may come to each heart—that Christ comes to "His own," not only in the great crises of life, but in many a quiet hour and unexpected way.

Hastings, Mich.

SO THE LORD COMFORTETH

I walked abroad one morning after a night of rain,
Passing the fields where farmers had sown their yellow grain,
And there in green rows stretching across the rain-drenched sod
Were countless tiny fingers pointing me up to God;
My heart, stirred with new courage, through earth-born doubtings broke
To praise Him for the message that the green-corn fingers spoke.

I sat in a darkened chamber beside the silent dead;
My heart, was crushed with sorrow, bereavement bowed my head.
I lit a waxen taper to view the voiceless one;
The little flame leaped upward as if to seek the sun.
Then thought I how her spirit had sped to realms of day,
And the darkness of my doubting forever fled away.

Wild was the storm about me, and I was sore afraid;
Where was the blessed Master whom winds and surfs obeyed?
My boat came nigh to sinking beneath that angry sea,
When lo! I saw a mountain in snow-crowned majesty.
Hushed were my foolish tremors. I heard the Saviour say,
"The everlasting hills of love compass My child away!"

Thus doth the dear Lord comfort, thus am I sweetly led;
When suns are set His little stars shine bravely overhead;
When songs lie mute upon my lips, some bird on passing wing
Pauses beside my window that I may hear him sing.
How rough the way, how fierce the storm, my soul may dwell in calm;
For every hurt God holds in store some heavenly, healing balm.

—ADA MELVILLE SHAW, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

LAWN-MOWER LESSONS

THE noble art of keeping things smooth!—that is the lawn-mower's art; and as I trudge behind it, and push, weary-backed, upon its handle-bar, I occasionally come across a piece of clear lawn, and get a chance to turn my mind from my immediate toil to the far more difficult task of keeping smooth my life, and helping to keep smooth the lives around me.

"Don't let things get a start!" is one lawn-mower precept, enforced upon me by many a needless hour with scythe and sickle. The worry-weeds must be pulled up as soon as they show their heads above the even turf. The wire-grass of fretfulness has a way of creeping along unnoticed until it has pre-empted a square foot. If you let yonder plaintain-discord go to seed, beware! And if, as your lawn begins to grow ragged with green tufts, you permit the grass to "get ahead of you," very soon not the shrewdest lawn-mower in the

patent-office can smooth things over again. You will need a more strenuous instrument, that will leave unsightly scars behind it.

"Keep out of the ruts and holes, and take the hummocks in the flank!" I have learned this lawn-mower wisdom from many a violent bringing up, knives plowing into the dirt, one wheel whirling foolishly in the air, the other buried in the soil. Now my wisely conducted machine bestrides the ruts, and goes gingerly over all the roughnesses. And when I am about the smoothing out of lives, I ignore the angularities in just the same way.

"Pick up the sticks! Don't let the children throw stones!"—these obvious lawn-mower commands require no explanation in their application to life. No spiritual lawn-mower can cut its way through carelessly flung recriminations, through old, dried prejudices!

On the handle of my lawn-mower is printed plainly this curt injunction: "Oil often." And I must heed it if I do not want my smoothing operations to grate upon the ears of the entire neighborhood, while I expend upon the rasping toil just twice the necessary strength. Oil often, all ye that would live smoothly, in smooth surroundings! Gain from frequent prayer the unction of the Spirit, the oil of grace!

And remember, finally, that the grass is tenderest in the early morning, crisp from the cool night, and with the beads of dew upon it. One can far more easily smooth things out in the morning than at night, when lives are tough and tired with the heat of the sun, bent down by the tramping of many feet. Begin the day aright if you would end it with peaceful eyes and unwrinkled brows. Speak the cheery "Good morning," make the breakfast glow with love, and gather around the family altar to ask for guidance through the day. There will go with you then, into whatever harshnesses you may meet, One before whom all crooked ways are made straight, and all the rough ways smooth.—AMOS R. WELLS, in *S. S. Times*.

The Art of Keeping Young

"I'M too interested in what is going on to take much time to remember or brood, and I never take but one day at a time." The words came from an old lady, certainly well beyond seventy, but whose blue eyes were clear and her face full of the cheer and strength lacking altogether in that of her far younger companion. It was in a train, where often the listener hears strange confidences or gleams unexpected bits of wisdom, and the words came as the pair passed out, the echo of them remaining as text for other lives than the speaker's own. The brooding, melancholy face at her side had evidently never tried her prescription, an infallible one for the preservation, if not of youth, certainly of youthful spirit. What matter that care and sorrow and pain must make part of the human struggle towards clearer light and larger life? Each generation has had the same portion. Our today is that future for which they and all the earth yearned. If our individual portion seems lean, it may be enriched, not only with every mighty dream the past has known, but with the wonder and beauty of the present, for no day since time began has so thrilled and throbbled with life; no day has ever held such store of good for the seeker. In every morning that dawns lurks

the secret we are set to learn, and, having learned, to teach, either in word or life. So in this great present our work may be done; past and future left to the Master of life. To pray for this day's bread is enough. Tomorrow will have its provision, and other tomorrows in their turn. Take, then, not only what burden the day may bring, but its utmost possibility of joy, of helpfulness, of growth, and peace will abide and be more and more the portion of the day forever.—HARRY CAMPBELL, in "Great Thoughts."

Getting Ready to Enjoy

SHE was a little old woman who came on at a country station for her first journey by railroad. The other passengers smiled as they watched while she settled herself and her belongings as if she expected to travel round the world. A young relative who was with her called her attention to a beautiful view of the lake, but she was so busy with tucking a veil over her bonnet that she gave it scant notice.

"Pretty soon, John. As soon as I get everything fixed all right I'm goin' to sit back and enjoy myself," she said. "I always have been lottin' on a ride in the cars."

But her satchel, basket and box were not easily arranged to her liking, and the forty-mile ride was brief.

"Already?" she exclaimed as the name of her destination was called. "Why, I've hardly had a mite of pleasure from the journey yet! If I'd thought we were goin' to stop so soon I wouldn't have wasted all my time fussin'."

The passengers smiled again, yet doubtless some of them were taking their life-journey in much the same fashion. The world holds many who spend their days in getting ready to live, who sacrifice the sweetness, ties, and pleasures of the present to amass goods for a time when they can "sit back comfortable" and enjoy themselves, but before it comes the journey is ended.—*Wellspring*.

Cleaning Straw Matting

A GOOD many housekeepers prefer to use matting in the summer instead of carpets, and they certainly are cooler and freer from dust, and are thought to be healthier on that account. Old matting can be freshened up and made to look almost new, if washed off properly. If you take up your matting, the best way to care for it is to shake each width separately, then sweep it off until it looks free from dust. If the ends of the matting are not bound one should tie the warp, which saves the straw from raveling, and this follows after beating or shaking the breadths. After your matting is tacked down evenly and carefully with matting tacks, then to freshen it up like new get a bucket of warm water and a box of pearline and dissolve enough in it to make a good suds, and as one pailful becomes dark and too dusty to use make fresh suds. Take each width separately and use a scrubbing brush, and follow it with a clean dry cotton or cheese-cloth rag, and wipe dry as you can, and do not allow any walking upon it until it is dry. You will be fully repaid for your work, and it is well to wipe it up or clean it in this way whenever it begins to look dingy or soiled. Pearline is the best cleaner. It will not fade the colors in matting if it happens to be red, green, or blue, hence it is safe and cheap. Many are utilizing their old mattings, are turning them and scrubbing them as I say, and they look as good as new.—MRS. SARA A. HENTON, in *N. Y. Observer*.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE GIRL WHO SMILES

The wind was east, and the chimney smoked,

And the old brown house seemed dreary,
For nobody smiled, and nobody joked,
The young folks grumbled, the old folks croaked,

They had come home chilled and weary.

Then opened the door, and a girl came in;

Oh, she was homely—very;
Her nose was pug, and her cheek was thin,
There wasn't a dimple from brow to chin,
But her smile was bright and cheery.

She spoke not a word of the cold and damp,

Nor yet of the gloom about her,
But she mended the fire, and lighted the lamp,

And she put on the place a different stamp
From that it had had without her.

Her dress, which was something in sober brown,

And with dampness nearly dripping,
She changed for a bright, warm, crimson gown,

And she looked so gay when she came down,

They forgot that the air was nipping.

They forgot that the house was a dull old place,

And smoky from base to rafter,
And gloom departed from every face,
As they felt the charm of her mirthful grace,

And the cheer of her happy laughter.

Oh, give me the girl who will smile and sing

And make all glad together!
To be plain or fair is a lesser thing,
But a kind, unselfish heart can bring
Good cheer in the darkest weather.

—MARY A. GILLETTE, in *Youth's Companion*.

ELLEN'S DECISION

IT was a beautiful day in summer. Dense foliage hung upon the trees and cast a most delightful shade. Daisies and buttercups bloomed in the fields; roses, lilies and pinks in the garden.

Ellen Monroe's Sunday-school teacher, Miss Yates, had invited her class to spend the hours between school and supper-time with her, on that day of all days.

They had been looking forward to their gathering all the week as to a special treat, and had been talking about it and planning for it morning, noon and night. For that afternoon they were to start a Flower Mission. They were to elect a president, vice-president, treasurer and secretary. Then they were to gather roses from the bushes which were scattered thickly over the extensive lawn, were to tie them into bunches, pack them in a basket, and carry them to the railroad station. Thence the flowers were to be sent to a children's hospital in the city.

This would be a most delightful occupation, pleasant in itself and resulting in much happiness to the little sick children imprisoned in brick walls during the warm summer weather. In addition to this, the girls always loved to visit Miss Yates, who had so many delightful things to tell them, and invariably had a box of candy or something else that would gratify their appetite for dainties. Ellen skipped all

the way home from school. She was far too ecstatic to walk steadily along.

"Mother, mother," she called eagerly, not seeing her mother in the sitting-room, "where are you? I want to kiss you good-bye and then run."

Mrs. Monroe appeared at the door of her own room looking very sober. "I am in a great dilemma," she announced to her little daughter. "Maria has gone out for the afternoon, so, of course, I have the care of the baby. And Mrs. Sumner's new girl has been here to say that she has been taken very ill and has no one to look after her. The maid is young and evidently incompetent, and she is frightened beside. She has been after Mrs. Sumner's married daughter, but she has gone into town for the day. There seems to be no one but myself to meet the emergency, and I can't leave the baby."

Ellen's heart seemed to jump up in her throat. She couldn't, oh, she couldn't, give up all her delightful plans for the afternoon! Why did the nurse go out just on that day when any other might have answered as well? And why did their neighbor have one of her bad turns at such an inconvenient time? And why did her mother tell her about it? Couldn't she have waited until after supper?

Ellen rushed into her own room, shut the door with a bang, threw herself on the bed, and cried and cried and cried. After a while the first shock of her disappointment was over, and she became quiet. Then there came into her mind a Bible verse which she had read that very morning: "Even Christ pleased not Himself."

Ellen was trying to follow Christ. She called Him her Saviour, her Master. Must she not do the thing that He would have her do?

"But, then," whispered the voice of temptation, "isn't it a kind, Christian thing to send flowers to the children in the hospital?"

"Yes," said her conscience, "but the other girls will do that without you, and there is no one but yourself to relieve your mother. Mrs. Sumner may die if she is not properly attended to. Isn't it a clear case that it is your duty to stay at home?"

Ellen knelt by the side of her bed and prayed. Then she washed the tears from her eyes and went into her mother's room. "Come, baby," she said, "will you stay with me this afternoon? See! I'll show you lovely pictures!" So saying, she picked up one of baby's toy books from the floor and displayed a page bristling with cats and dogs. Baby May ran to her at once, for Ellen was always kind to her tiny sister, and kindness is a thing that babies appreciate.

Mrs. Monroe threw her arms about her daughter's neck and gave her a loving kiss. She knew how much that little speech to May had cost. "You're a very good girl, Ellen. You shall not lose by your self-denial. I'll give you a treat some other day to make up for it." Saying this she ran across the street to her sick neighbor.

The hours seemed long to Ellen—those two hours that she had hoped to spend so pleasantly. It was a bit wearisome, too, to go through over and over again with baby the same diversions that she had used many times before. Once she saw

the doctor's carriage at Mr. Sumner's. Then she saw him drive away hurriedly, and after awhile return, bringing with him a woman, whom Ellen recognized as a nurse. Then just at supper time Mrs. Monroe returned.

"Mrs. Sumner is very ill indeed," she replied in answer to Ellen's look of inquiry. "The doctor thinks that if I had not reached there just when I did, she would probably have died. So my little girl's self-denial saved our neighbor's life. She is feeling somewhat better. Fortunately the doctor knew that Mrs. Plum was disengaged, and went after her. So now I am free."

After supper came all the girls of Ellen's class to ask what had occasioned her absence from the meeting. Ellen explained to them, with her mother's help. "Well, anyway," said Maggie Pritchard, who was Ellen's most devoted friend and admirer, "any way, we've made you president, and Miss Yates sent you all these candies, and this piece of cake and these roses. She said she knew there was some good reason for your staying at home."

So Ellen went to bed that night happy in the thought that she had the affection of her teacher and classmates, and that she had tried to do her duty, even though it was a very hard thing to do. —MAY JOANNA PORTER, in *Christian Intelligencer*.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Third Quarter Lesson X

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1900.

LUKE 10: 1-11; 17-20.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

THE SEVENTY SENT FORTH

I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few.* — Luke 10: 2.2. **DATE:** A. D. 29, November or December.3. **PLACE:** Perea.4. **HOME READINGS:** Monday — Luke 10: 1-16. Tuesday — Luke 10: 17-24. Wednesday — Mark 6: 7-13. Thursday — Acts 13: 44-52. Friday — Acts 14: 19-28. Saturday — Rom. 15: 15-21. Sunday — 1 Cor. 3: 1-11.

II Introductory

The mission of the seventy is preserved by Luke alone, and differs in many important points from the mission of the twelve mentioned by the other evangelists. It is supposed to have occurred at the close of our Lord's Galilean ministry, when, after eighteen months of almost fruitless effort, rejected by the principal towns — Chorazin, Bethsaida and even Capernaum — over which He pronounced sorrowful and prophetic woes, He turned His steps southward on His last journey to Jerusalem. Choosing the route through Perea, He selected and sent forth, two by two, seventy disciples to herald His approach and preach His gospel. Great was the harvest, He assured them, but few the laborers. They were to go forth full of faith and meekness, with neither "purse nor scrip" to defray their expenses, and with a zeal for their mission too intense to permit them to exchange salutations with the travelers they met on the way. Entering a village, they were, first, to select a house, and going in with the salutation of "Peace," tarry and eat there, if they should be so fortunate as to find the abode of a "son of peace;" otherwise they were to depart and seek until they found. Then, following the Master's custom, they were to converse with the people and proclaim to them that the kingdom of God had really come. As they should walk through the village and see, at the gateway or the street corner, the crippled and the sick, they were to lay upon them the healing hand, and assure them that the kingdom of God was come nigh unto them. But if rejected in any village, they were to show by the symbolic act of shaking the dust from their feet, that they severed themselves from all responsibility for the judgment that would surely fall — a judgment more terrible than that which awaited the guilty Sodomites. They were to go forth not simply as individuals, but as accredited ambassadors of their Lord — and in such sense that to "hear" them would be to hear Him; and to despise them would be to despise Him, and also the Father who had sent Him into the world.

And the seventy discovered, in their brief mission, that the authority conferred upon them was like that which their Master Himself wielded. Not only were the sick healed, but even demons were exorcised. They reported this joyfully on their return, and were assured that the subjection of evil spirits was a pledge of the conquest of their chief whose supremacy in this world would be smitten and over-

thrown as by a lightning stroke. Further authority was granted them, including immunity from serpent bites and scorpion stings, and "all the power of the enemy," but all this was not to make them unduly complacent; their chief joy must always be that their names were "written in heaven."

III Expository

1. **After these things** — after the circumstances connected with His final departure from Galilee and His itinerant journey through Perea on His way to Jerusalem. **Appointed seventy others** — besides the twelve whom He had previously sent forth on a similar mission. It may be noted, in passing, that the two numbers, "twelve" and "seventy," were not chosen at random. There were twelve sons of Jacob and twelve tribes of Israel; seventy souls came out of Egypt; seventy was the number of the Jewish Council; seventy bullocks were offered in sacrifice at the Feast of Tabernacles for the Gentile nations. In cases where a small number was to be selected, that number was twelve; in the case of a large number, seventy. **Sent them two and two** — just as He had sent the twelve. **Into every city and place.** — These thirty-five pairs were to herald their Lord's approach and prepare the way.

"So when two work together, each for each
Is quick to plan, and can the other teach;
But when alone one seeks the best to know,
His skill is weaker, and his thoughts are slow."

2. **The harvest truly is great** (R. V., "plenteous"). — See Matthew 9: 37; John 4: 35. He had already used the same figure in Samaria where He beheld fields white for the spiritual harvest, and had spoken of the sower and the reaper; and the same figure was afterwards expanded in the two parables of the Sower and the Tares and reappeared in the visions of the Apocalypse (Rev. 14: 14-19). **The Lord of the harvest.** — "My Father is the husbandman" (John 15: 1). **Send forth** — literally, "drive forth," or "thrust forth." The word implies urgency and haste. Says Abbott: "So in a sense we may say that no one is competent to preach, either publicly or privately, the Gospel to others, who is not impelled thereto by the strong power of the Holy Spirit."

3. **Go your ways** — enter upon the mission on which I send you. **Lambs among wolves.** — "Unarmed, defenceless, and innocent as lambs did these disciples go forth among their foes, cruel, crafty and malicious as wolves — the leaders of the Jews, the armed Romans, the reckless populace" (Peloubet).

4. **Carry neither purse.** — No anxiety about their *viaticum* was to disturb their minds. They were to make no provision either of food or raiment; their necessary wants would be supplied. The "purse" was the end of the girdle. No scrip — the leathern bag in which travelers carried their food. **Nor shoes** — no traveling shoes, in place of their ordinary palm-bark sandals" (Farrar). They were to be single-minded, thinking only of their work. **Salute no man by the way** — "a common direction in cases of urgency (2 Kings 4: 29), and partly explicable by the length and loitering elaborateness of Eastern greetings" (Farrar).

There was no departure from the simple manner of the country in this. At this day the farmer sets out on excursions quite as extensive, without a *para* in his purse, and a modern Moslem prophet of Tarshiska thus sends forth his apostles over this identical region. No traveler in the East would hesitate to throw himself on the hospitality of any villager (Thomson).

5, 6. **Into whatsoever house ye enter.** — The absence of inns made every house a

place of privilege to the traveler. **Peace be to this house** — the immemorial and comprehensive salutation. **If the (R. V., "if a") son of peace be there.** — "If the householder is a man of peaceful heart, then their peace shall be his; if no soul be in the house fitted to receive the influence of the gospel salutation, then it will return to bless the messenger who uttered the greeting" (Lindsay). **Shall turn to you again.** — "My prayer returned unto mine own bosom" (Psa. 35: 13).

7-9. **In the same house remain.** — By taking up their abode in one house they would be saved from vagrancy, and from losing time which should be devoted to preaching and healing. **Eating and drinking such things as they give.** — Don't be exacting or querulous; don't give unnecessary trouble. **The laborer is worthy of his hire.** — The spiritual blessings conferred by the guests would pay richly for the hospitality shown them. **Into whatsoever city.** — The same principles were to govern them in the "city" as in the private dwelling. **Heal the sick** — by means of the miracle-working power delegated to them. **The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.** — With words somewhat similar both the Baptist and our Lord began their mission. The "kingdom" stands for the reign of "righteousness, joy and peace in the Holy Ghost" which our Lord came to establish in this world. Citizenship in this kingdom is to be acquired by conversion — "Except ye be converted, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

10, 11. **They receive you not** — decline to receive your message, or openly insult you. **Go your way.** — Do not argue; do not tarry. **Even the very dust, etc.** — a symbolic act, expressing the end of intercourse, of all connection with the defilement of those rejecting, and of all responsibility, not simply on the disciples' part, but also on the part of Christ whose agents they were. In other words, they were to treat the rejecters as heathen. The Pharisees, on entering Judea from a heathen country, "used to shake off the dust of the land as a testimony that they had no part nor lot with heathenism." — **Be sure of this.** — Even in departing, the message was to be reiterated.

The apostles, if rejected, were to turn from the city or house that rejected them, and hold no further intercourse with it. Is the Christian minister, then, to refuse all intercourse with and all second attempts to win those who reject Christ in the first presentation? No; because these are not rules for the permanent ministry, but for a specific and necessarily rapid mission.

17. **The seventy returned** — not probably all together, but each pair as it finished its work. **With joy** — elated with the discovery and exercise of their new powers. **Even the devils are subject.** — They found that in the name of Christ they could even cast out demons — the most difficult of all forms of healing.

18. **I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven** (R. V., "I beheld Satan fallen

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as lightning from heaven"). — This seems to refer not to the original overthrow of Satan as a rebellious son of light, but to his final subjection — "the breaking of his sceptre over men." At that time he ruled supreme, and there seemed no prospect that "the god of this world" would ever be displaced and humbled; but even then our Lord foresaw his defeat and downfall, and predicted it. Satan's power, then, seemed heaven-high, but it would be smitten, "visibly, unmistakably and swiftly," like lightning, by the power of the Gospel. As the demons had been dispossessed, so should this Satan-ruled world be disenthralled.

19. **Behold I give you** — R. V., "Behold, I have given you." Power (R. V., "authority") to tread on serpents and scorpions — to be victorious over "all the evil and poison in nature;" illustrated afterward by Paul at Melita (Acts 28:3-6). **Over all the power of the enemy** — a magnificent and all-comprehensive immunity from the successful devices or open attacks of the arch-enemy of human souls. **Nothing shall hurt you.** — On the contrary, "all things shall work together for good" for them that love and obey Christ.

20. **In this rejoice not** — in the authority conferred over evil spirits, and all that was included in it. **Your names are written in heaven.** — Says Alford: "The connection is this: 'Seeing that the power which I grant to you is so large, arising from My victory over the enemy, make not one particular department of it the cause of your joy, nor indeed the mere subjection of evil to you at all, but this, the positive and infinite side of God's mercy and goodness to you, that He hath placed you among His redeemed ones.'"

IV Illustrative

1. When the Massachusetts Legislature was discussing the propriety of granting an act of incorporation to a missionary society, one of the members remarked that it seemed to be an arrangement for "exporting religion," when in fact we had none to spare. He was answered that religion was a commodity of which the more we exported the more we had left. The man who strives to shut up fire in order to preserve it will soon find he has nothing left but ashes. We get the best fire by throwing it open that others may share its warmth. We get the purest water for ourselves by allowing it to flow on and bless others (H. L. Hastings).

2. If Tyre and Sidon, and Sodom and Gomorrah, would have repented if further opportunity and greater manifestations had been awarded them, the question naturally occurs, Why were these not given? The answer is, that sufficient opportunity and sufficient warning were given; and, as no laborer in the vineyard has a right to call God to account for giving a penny to all alike, so no outcast has a right to call God to account for not giving all the same opportunity. If the disciple, still perplexed, asks: Why such seeming inequalities in the administration of divine grace? why the gift of Christ to the cities of Galilee, and the withholding of Christ from the cities of the plain? the gift of Christianity to Europe, and the withholding of it from India — there is no other answer than, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight" (Abbott).

—O weary sons and daughters of Adam! you will not have to drive the ploughshare into the unthankful soil in heaven; you will not need to rise to daily toils before the sun hath risen, and labor still when the sun hath long ago gone to his rest; but ye shall be still, ye shall be quiet, ye shall rest

yourselves. Toil, trouble, travail, and labor are words that cannot be spelled in heaven; they have no such things there; for they always rest. — *Spurgeon.*

THE CHANGED LAW

THE recent General Conference, which met in the month of May in the city of Chicago, made a number of changes in the law relating to Sunday-schools. Some of these changes we note:—

In regard to the Sunday School Union it made the law in the Discipline read as follows: "For the moral and religious instruction of our children, and for the promotion of Bible knowledge among all our people, there shall be a Sunday School Union, duly incorporated according to law, and having its office in the city of New York, the said Union to include all the Sunday-schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and to be subject to such rules and regulations as the General Conference may from time to time prescribe."

The old law used the wording of the first part, applying it to the Sunday-schools generally; but the new act applies it specifically to the Sunday School Union, and the Union is said to exist "for the moral and religious instruction of our children, and for the promotion of Bible knowledge among all our people." The new law is more explicit as to the relation of the Union to the schools, declaring as it does that the Union shall and does "include all the Sunday-schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church." That is clearer than the old form, which said the school "shall be auxiliary to the Sunday School Union." In another place, however, this language is preserved, so that there is the double idea of helping and at the same time being a part of the Union.

Heretofore the reason for the existence of the Sunday School Union was not set forth in the body of the Book of Discipline, though its objects had been stated in the charter and in the constitution of the Union. Now the new law inserts a detailed statement as to the object of the Sunday School Union. It says: "The work of the Sunday School Union shall be to found Sunday-schools in needy neighborhoods; to contribute to the support of Sunday-schools which without assistance cannot continue; to educate the church in all phases of Sunday-school work, constantly endeavoring to raise ideals and to improve methods, and to give impulse and direction in general to the study of the Bible by the church."

Every reader of the Book of Discipline will now see that the work of the Union is manifold. It is to start Sunday-schools, and to assist in supporting Sunday-schools, but more than that it is to educate the church in Sunday-school work and to improve both ideals and methods, and to impel and direct the church in the study of the Bible. This is much more than merely carrying on Sunday-schools.

The work of the corresponding secretary is presented in detail. This has not been done before. The new law reads: "The Corresponding Secretary, who shall be elected by the General Conference, shall be the chief executive officer of the Sunday School Union and the Tract Society. He shall, under the provision of the Discipline and the direction of the Board, conduct the correspondence, and shall in all his official conduct be subject to the authority and the control of the Board. His time shall be employed in conducting its affairs, and, under its direction, promoting its general interests by traveling or otherwise. The Board of Managers having each year made an estimate of the sum of money needed for the benevolent work of the Union, the Corresponding Secretary shall notify the pre-

siding elders and pastors of the proportion needed from their respective charges."

In addition to this the old law making the corresponding secretary "editor of the Sunday-school papers and tracts" and "superintendent of the Department of Sunday-school Instruction" was continued, and thus this officer is secretary, editor, superintendent of instruction, and chief executive officer of the Sunday School Union and Tract Society.

Another change of great moment is that referring to an annual estimate of the amount of money needed for the benevolent work of the Union which is to be made by the Board of Managers. Thus it becomes the duty of the corresponding secretary to announce the apportionments to the presiding elders and pastors.

Under the old law the presiding elder was to state to the quarterly conference the amount the charge should raise for the work of the Sunday School Union; but the duty was not made as prominent as it now is by the new enactment, which says: "It shall be the duty of the presiding elders to apportion to the charges in their districts the amount expected from the Conference in the same manner as in the case of the other societies."

The new law makes it the duty of the board of managers of the Sunday School Union to estimate the gross amount, and after that the division among the districts and charges will follow.

All this seems to indicate a new departure in methods and a new expansion in the activities of the Union, and it is expected that the church will respond with sympathetic and substantial support. — *Sunday School Journal.*



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OUR BOOK TABLE

The Problem of Final Destiny. Studied in the Light of Revised Theological Statement. By William B. Brown, D. D. Thomas Whitaker: New York. Price, \$1.50.

This volume commends itself not only by its ability, but quite as much by its frankness and candor. The writer states that he accepted, when he entered the ministry, the doctrines commonly known as evangelical. He has been forty years a successful minister, more than half of that time as the pastor of one church. He found, after a time, that his theological opinions, all unintentionally, had changed, and that he could no longer and did not preach the doctrine of endless punishment. He says: "I saw, if none could ever be saved except those who in this life believed in Jesus Christ, and consciously accepted His atoning sacrifice as the only condition of forgiveness and eternal life, that then the great proportion of the people now living, or who have ever lived (infants and imbeciles excepted), must go into a place of eternal torment." The author does honor to himself and to his faith in a benevolent and just God in saying that he revolted from such a conclusion. How he worked himself free from his traditional notions and out into a reasonable faith — reasonable no less to God than to men — is well told in this book.

Popular Misconceptions as to Christian Faith and Life. By Rev. Frank T. Lee. The Pilgrim Press: Boston.

The author has here done some uncommonly good work. He is reverent in spirit, comprehensive and well-poised in his judgment, and loyal to all essential truth. He divides the volume into four books, as follows: Book I, Faith; Book II, Life; Book III, Service; Book IV, The Divine Source. Under these heads he presents the popular misconceptions which are generally cherished, and with critical discrimination shows the germ or kernel of truth that is blended with the error. Ministers and studious people will find this book very suggestive and helpful, proving potent and useful as it finds simpler expression through those who read it. For popular effect it would do much more good if it contained half as many pages. Sometimes, indeed, the author explains over-much. We wish he would produce a book one-quarter the size for the multitude.

The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg. And Other Stories and Essays. By Mark Twain. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.75.

Mark Twain has had a beneficent mission. He has relieved the sorrow and depression of a multitude by a good-humored but irresistible philosophy. He has compelled us to laugh whether we would or no. But Mark Twain is something more than a fun-maker. He is a writer of comprehensive view and keen observation. When he has a mind to think and write in logical terms and classic phrase, he is abundantly able to do it. He can kill a fad or freak with his relentless ridicule. Recently he laughed Christian Science out of court. The story — "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg" — which gives its title to the volume, is one of Mr. Clemens' profoundest studies of human nature.

The Earth and the World — How Formed? A Layman's Contribution to the Religious Thought of the Times. By Abraham G. Jennings. Fleming H. Revell Co.: Chicago. Price, \$1.25.

While it is impossible to accept the author's conclusions, it must be conceded that he has studied the subject comprehensively and critically. He says: "In the creation or formation of the heavenly bodies, the 'nebular hypothesis,' in its conception, operates independently of any Creator. It does not require any divine architect to design, create, establish and uphold the world

and the universe, as we know it to exist. It discards God altogether, or removes Him so far away that His handiwork is not seen, known, or acknowledged." Those who accept this premise will doubtless enjoy reading the book.

Georgie. By S. E. Kiser. Small, Maynard & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.

The author has made a place for himself by his unique sketches and poems. A great multitude have read after him, especially in the columns of the *Chicago Times-Herald* — for which he has written regularly for some years — and have been refreshed and stimulated. Few are the writers for the public who are so largely quoted. Who has not read that inimitable poem, with a moral, "When Paw was a Boy?" Mr. Kiser's wit has no sting in it, and his hits, which are so well made, are never low or degrading. It is a good book for the summer vacation.

The Junior History of Methodism. For Young People, Study Classes in Epworth League, and the General Reader. By Rev. William G. Koons, B. D. With an Introduction by Robert R. Loherty, Ph. D. Eaton & Mains: New York.

This small volume is intended primarily as a text-book for study classes among the young people of the Junior and Senior Epworth Leagues. The author has done his work well; but the book is ruined and made well-nigh unusable, especially for the young, by the ghastly caricatures of Wesley and his colleagues which appear as illustrations. How long will the Book Concern continue to spoil good books by using its Noachian illustrations?

Twentieth Century Knighthood. By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D. Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York and London. Price, 75 cents.

"Chivalry has been a word to conjure with for some hundreds of years," says Dr. Banks, in beginning this new volume of talks to young men. Then in a striking, and at the same time practical, way he proceeds to derive high ideals for present-day character from the noblest features of ancient knighthood. The titles of some of the talks well suggest the scope and practical helpfulness of the book: "The Courage of Christian Knighthood," "The Simplicity of the True Knight," "The Beauty of Knightly Generosity," "The Loyalty of a Noble Soul," "The White Life of Pure Manhood," "The Knightly Reverence of Lofty Character," "Truth and Honor the Spurs of Knighthood," "Compassion the Glory of the Strong," "Hardihood the Safeguard of Virtue," "Temperance the Flower of Modern Knighthood."

A Mental Index of the Bible and a Cosmic Use of Association. By Rev. S. C. Thompson. Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York and London. Price, \$1.50.

For those who have not a life-long familiarity with the Bible contents, and wish to escape some of the distraction caused by handling a cumbersome concordance, it is a great advantage to have in mind a simple index with which chapters, passages, and the language of texts can be naturally associated and readily found. This mental classification is made possible by a study of this helpful book. Besides this ease of ready reference, it serves to keep alive a consciousness of the general and particular contents of the entire Bible. The practical application of this idea is that a verse, text, incident, name or chapter which may not be easily remembered, must be associated in the mind with something easily remembered. The author has arranged simple rules and directions, which, if studied, are sure to greatly increase the helpfulness and usefulness of the Bible.

By Way of the Wilderness. By "Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. Alden) and Mrs. C. M. Livingston. Lothrop Publishing Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

In this excellent story Mrs. Alden takes a pronounced departure from her semi-juvenile books of former years, and, with Mrs.

Livingston's collaboration, presents a romance of much strength and force. The hero of the story — Wayne Pierson — through the familiar stepmother complication, finds himself misjudged and misunderstood in his home, which he finally leaves, on impulse, with a college career uncompleted and the attempt at reconciliation incomplete. The book is, indeed, largely a story of impulses, for the hero is repeatedly brought face to face with crises engendered by his own honest but unbalanced impulses. Even in an unforeseen love affair this is the cause of trouble and misunderstanding. How he stands the tests of experience and a blundering conscience this story well relates.

Robert Tournay. A Romance of the French Revolution. By William Sage. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

The author has written a thrilling story of tender love and devotion between a man of "the people" and a beautiful aristocrat, in the time of the "Terror." They win their way to happiness, but only after passing through perils and dangers that furnish an intense dramatic suspense and romantic interest. The historical characters were leaders of the French Revolution, and the narrative is based upon events of historical record and exciting interest.

The Bible: Its True Nature and Divinity, Its Spiritual Inerrancy. A Lecture Delivered in Tremont Theatre, Boston, Sunday evening, Oct. 15, 1899. By Rev. Hiram Vrooman, Minister of the Church of the New Jerusalem, Boston, Massachusetts New-Church Union: Boston. Price, 15 cents.

This is a strong and very clearly put defence of the Bible from the standpoint of the Swedenborgian theologian.

Liberty Poems. James H. West Co.: Boston. Price, 75 cents.

That this volume contains much of real poetry may be judged from the names of many of the writers, numbering in all nearly fifty, among whom are William Lloyd Garrison, Hezekiah Butterworth, Dr. Solis-Cohen, Ernest Crosby, John W. Chadwick, William C. Gannett, Richard Le Gallienne, E. Everett Howe, Henry Labouchère and

A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER

Gains 12 lbs. on Change of Food.

When a change in food can rebuild a man 77 years of age, it is evidence that there is some value in a knowledge that can discriminate in the selection of proper food to rebuild the body. A few months ago the physician attending Warren S. Johnson, of Colfax, Cal., 77 years old, told him that death from old age would soon claim him. He suffered from general weakness and debility.

An old lady advised him to quit coffee and drink Postum Cereal Food Coffee and to eat Grape-Nuts breakfast food every morning. He took the advice, and has gained 12 pounds. Says he is as well as he ever was, and can take long trips in the mountains, which he has been unable to do for a long time.

There is a reason for this; in the first place, coffee acts as a direct nerve destroyer on many highly organized people, both young and old, and many people haven't the knowledge to select nourishing, healthful, rebuilding food.

Both Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts breakfast food are made from selected parts of the field grains that contain delicate particles of phosphate of potash and albumen. These two elements combine in the human body to quickly rebuild the gray matter in the brain and in the nerve centres throughout the body.

Direct, sure and certain results come from their use, and can be proven by any person that cares to make the trial. Both the Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts are kept by all first-class grocers.

William Vaughn Moody. The dedication is as follows: "To M. G. W. P., one of the most generous supporters of the cause of freedom, this collection of loyal verse, made for the New England Anti-Imperialist League, is inscribed."

Magazines

—In the August *Magazine of Art* a photogravure of "The Ages of the Laborer," from the painting by Léon Frédéric in the Luxembourg, is given as a frontispiece. The leading article, with six illustrations, is by Léonce Bénédite, director of the gallery, upon "The Musée de Luxembourg." The "Romney Exhibition at the Grafton Gallery," a second paper on "The Portraits of Geoffrey Chaucer," "Recent Acquisitions to National Museums and Galleries," "Recent Art Volumes," and "Art Buildings at the Paris Exhibition," are the principal topics of the month. There are several full-page illustrations, and the usual departments are well filled. (Cassell & Company, Limited: 7 and 9 West 18th St., New York.)

—The August *Photo Era* is a pleasing number, with many remarkably excellent illustrations, the frontispiece giving an exquisite head of a young girl entitled, "The Debutante," by J. E. Griffin. Harold Hutchinson contributes some "Desultory Thoughts on Art" that are timely; Chester F. Stiles writes upon "Mt. Washington in Winter;" "The Ethics of Photography" are outlined by Herbert Whyte Taylor; George H. Hazlitt discusses the question of "What is Legitimate in Artistic Photography?" and Percy Lund, editor of the *Practical Photographer* of London, writes interestingly of the conditions surrounding the English photographic world. (Photo Era Publishing Co.: Dewey Square, Boston.)

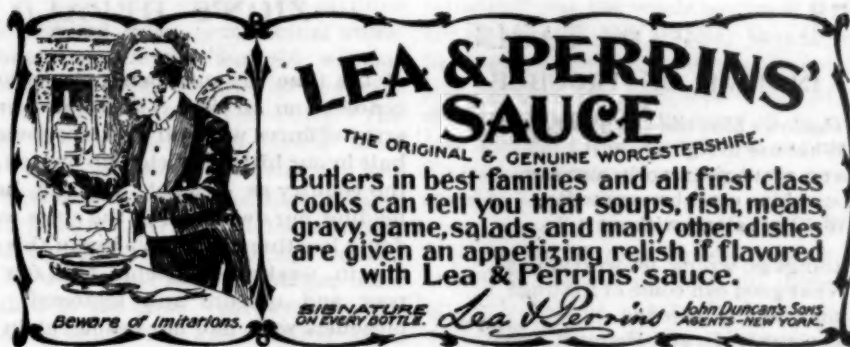
—The August *Donahoe's* opens with a poem entitled, "An August Day," by Henry Austin, accompanied by a frontispiece illustration. The principal illustrated articles are: "The Peasants of Cortina d'Ampezzo," by Anna Seaton Schmidt; "Boston's Cuban Guests," by Joseph Roger Williams; "Here and There in Ireland," by Beatrice Oulton; with stories and poems, and papers of special-interest to Catholics. (Donahoe's Magazine Co.: Cor. Washington and Boylston Sts., Boston.)

—*Cassell's Magazine*, resplendent in white and red covers, presents a pleasing group of five complete stories for August readers. "The Highest Railway in Europe," "A Holiday Party at the Danish Court," "Some British War Medals," "The Wives and Womenkind of Our Officers at the Front," are illustrated articles of great interest, especially to English readers. (Cassell & Company, Limited: New York.)

—The *Quiver* for August is filled with entertaining and helpful reading, both secular and religious. "Tommy Atkins at Church," an illustrated contribution by an ex-Army Chaplain, is given the leading place. There are several complete stories, with fresh chapters in "The Davenport Bequest." A new serial begins this month—"Concerning Joyce," by E. S. Curry, illustrated by Percy Tarrant. (Cassell & Co., Limited: New York.)

To Our Subscribers

The Boston Clearing House Association has made a new Collection Schedule, which went into effect July 1. On account of this it will be necessary for those who send us checks in payment of their subscriptions to send ten cents additional or obtain a draft on Boston, Providence, New York or Philadelphia. We cannot accept checks on which there is a charge for collection unless the cost of collection is included.



LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE
THE ORIGINAL & GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE.
Butlers in best families and all first class cooks can tell you that soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads and many other dishes are given an appetizing relish if flavored with Lea & Perrins' sauce.
Beware of imitations. SIGNATURE ON EVERY BOTTLE. *Lea & Perrins* John Duncanson Sons AGENTS-NEW YORK.

Literary Notes

—The late Stephen Crane left an incomplete novel which Robert Barr is finishing.

—It is understood that a second edition of Dr. W. E. Barton's new novel, "Pine Knot," has been called for, although the book has been published little more than a fortnight.

—The Macmillan Company has in preparation a new edition of the novels of Fenimore Cooper, with illustrations by C. E. Brock and H. M. Brock.

—The collection of the late G. W. Stevens' scattered papers, under the title "Things Seen," will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. early in the fall. The book has an introduction by Mr. W. E. Henley covering some twenty pages.

—The picture of the battle of Gettysburg in Mr. J. A. Altscheler's romance of the civil war, "In Circling Camps," has been described as the strongest description of that great conflict which has been written by a novelist.

—Mr. Jack London, author of "The Son of the Wolf," published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is a young man not yet twenty-four years old. His first magazine article was published in 1899, in the *Overland Monthly*, and is now the sixth story in "The Son of the Wolf."

—Josiah Strong, author of "Our Country," "The New Era," and "The Twentieth Century City," has written a volume for the Baker & Taylor Company entitled "Expansion on the New World Conditions." The "new conditions" principally refer to those brought about by the Spanish-American war.

—The editor of the *Century* is receiving inquiries about the author of "The Helmet of Navarre," the historical romance which began to appear serially in the August number of that magazine. Miss Bertha Runkle is the only child of Mrs. L. G. Runkle, a well-known New York journalist, and one of the editors of the "Library of the World's Best Literature." The present work is a maiden effort at fiction writing. She was born in New Jersey a few and twenty years ago, never went to kindergarten as a child, nor to college as a young woman, has traveled little, and has never been in France.

—There is to be a Storrs alcove in the rooms of the Long Island Historical Society, as a memorial to the late Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, who was for more than thirty years president of that society, and was re-elected twenty-four hours before his death. That alcove will be established in Brooklyn by a fund of \$25,000, to be used for buying books of history, biography and travel.

—The Century Company will soon begin the publication of the Century Library of Music, of which Mr. Ignace Jan Paderewski is the editor-in-chief. The work will appear in twenty volumes, containing richly illustrated articles upon the great composers of the world, written by other com-

posers, and with music which will include the cream of piano-forte literature, including Paderewski's repertoire, each piece newly fingered, phrased and pedalmarked, according to the latest and highest standards. The work is being prepared under Mr. Paderewski's personal supervision. The first volume will appear in September. — *Current Literature*.

—Collectors of first editions, says the *Congregationalist*, must secure copies of Mr. James Lane Allen's "The Reign of Law" at once. In subsequent editions Messrs. Harry Fenn's and J. E. Earl's drawings are to be reproduced by a half-tone process instead of in photogravure. The first edition contained 40,000 copies, and was sold before the day of publication.

—In an interesting article on Archibald Forbes, the famous English war correspondent, in the *Leisure Hour*, Mr. Massingham thus estimates his genius: "Brilliance was indeed Forbes' special quality. His work had the fine flash and go, the power of instant observation, the gift of easy, adroit expression, the spirit and feeling both of the battle and of the larger task of campaigning, which make the ideal correspondent. Politics troubled him little. He had the soldier's eye for the objective fact; what lay behind it was less important."

—The reading public will be glad to hear that "Hugh Wynne" is to appear in a single volume. The first and all subsequent editions, including the lavishly illustrated Continental Edition, issued by the Century Co. last year, were in two volumes. The work will hereafter contain twelve half-tone reproductions of Howard Pyle's brilliant drawings. A new and striking cover has been designed for the book, and the change and improvement in form will be accompanied by a reduction in price—from \$2 to \$1.50.

—Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, editor of the *Critic*, has written a volume for Doubleday, Page & Co., entitled "The Autobiography of a Tom-Boy," in which she recounts the experiences of that well-defined genus indicated by the title, which, in the opinion of most careful parents, conducts itself "as a well-conditioned girl should not." This particular "tom-boy" has many adventures, and the field of her activities sweeps from Long Island down along the New Jersey coast. — *N. Y. Times*.

Sleep is essential both to the tired mother and the infant. Give them both Mellin's Food, and they will sleep well the whole night long.

Dr. Strong's Sanitarium and Hotel Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

For health, rest, or recreation. The appointments of a first-class hotel. Elevator, suites with bath. All health appliances. Turkish, Russian, Hydro-Electric, Mineral Water and all baths. Electricity, Massage. Large grounds. Lawn-tennis, croquet, golf.
Send for illustrated circular.

IN TIME OF TROUBLE

If shadows hide the sun away,
What use to sigh about it?
Go on about your work, and say,
"If sunshine can't be ours today,
We'll get along without it."

If things go wrong, let worrying go.
What good can come of fretting?
It may be it is better so.
God plans it all, and He must know,
So spare your vain regretting.

There is a sunshine that makes good
The lack of sun above us,
And all might find it if they would,
In cheerful word and happy mood,
And smiles of those who love us.

Then let us smile when skies are gray,
And laugh at stormy weather,
And sing life's lonesome times away.
So worry and the dreariest day
Will find an end together.

— Eben E. Rexford.

SELF-EXAMINATION A SUPREME NEED

REV. WILLIAM MCKINLEY, D. D.

THE first duty which a man owes to his own soul is to know the truth about it, and the first duty of a church to itself is the same. Without self-knowledge there is no salvation for souls or churches. Men must know their sins before they will repent of them, and their need of grace before they will seek it. Self-ignorance is spiritual death: "My people perish for lack of knowledge." To know ourselves we must be honest with ourselves, and prefer the truth that rebukes us to the falsehood that flatters us. For lack of this honesty multitudes are deceived as to their spiritual state. They see the evil in others and the good in themselves, and are flattered and deluded by the comparison. This sort of self-deception may come upon a community as well as upon an individual, upon a great church as well as upon a single soul. The *esprit de corps* may be cultivated and exaggerated at the expense of moral honesty. We may get into the habit of praising our party or our church till we become blind to its faults and open-eyed only to its virtues, and resent indignantly any attempt to correct an error.

This is now

A PRESENT PERIL

of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We have practised self-laudation so long that we seem to have lost all relish for self-examination. Our denominational sensitiveness shrinks from any criticism, however friendly, which probes our wounds and reveals our weaknesses. The man among us who will do for the church what every earnest Christian must do for his own soul to save it alive, is in danger of being impeached for denominational disloyalty. Nevertheless, loyal Methodists who love the church because, with all its defects and derelictions, it is still God's church, and who believe that the most painful truth is better for us than the most pleasing falsehood, must look all the facts in the face and seek to know "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," concerning the present state, needs and prospects of our Methodism.

That we are not meeting the demands

of the time or our own expectations is conceded on all sides. With all our vast array of forces we seem to have come to a halt in our hitherto victorious march. In the country as a whole we are hardly holding our own, and in the cities we are doing less than that. We began this century in weakness, a feeble folk, few and poor and obscure and scattered. Our preachers were like our people, plain men without social prestige, and, from the scholastic point of view, without education or preparation for their work. We had no colleges or schools of any sort to train them in except "brush college," and our only college graduate was Thomas Coke, who spent most of his time abroad. Our friends were few, our foes were many. All the forces of secular society were arrayed against us, and the religious society of the time was even more hostile. Derided, defamed, denounced and ostracised, "a people everywhere spoken against," the Methodists of that time went forth conquering and to conquer, and before the century had half expired we were the largest and strongest church in the land.

The momentum thus gained has carried us forward till now at the close of the century we are apparently slowing up and almost at a standstill. In numbers, wealth, intelligence, social position, educational institutions, and organizations for all sorts of religious and benevolent work, our gain has been immense. In place of private houses, school-houses, barns and groves in which our fathers worshiped, we have beautiful and costly churches; in place of the plain words and thundering exhortations of the "circuit-riders" we have the classic culture and opulent eloquence of doctors and orators adorned with all the honors of the schools. In every kind of power, numerical, financial, social and intellectual, we surpass the fathers; but in the one sort of power which is supreme in religion and in which they were mighty we are comparatively weak. With all our growth and gains we seem to be losing the power to grapple with the consciences and the hearts of men. We have a plethora of other powers and an apparent

ATROPHY OF HEART POWER.

Methodism was and is and evermore must be, if it is to be at all, a religion of the heart moving powerfully upon the sensibilities, the affections and the emotions of men. Christianity as a life has no existence till it reaches the heart and lives in it and reigns over it. No amount of intellectual acumen or accomplishments can enable a man to know what the Gospel is and does till he feels the power of it in his own heart. And however men may disparage what they call emotional religion in contrast with intellectual religion, it is by the emotions and affections mainly that our lives are fashioned, our characters formed, and our destinies determined. "Out of the heart are the issues of life." Methodism early and intuitively saw and felt this, and so became "heart-felt religion" with power to move men's hearts mightily and make them say and sing,—

"What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell."

No one who has carefully studied the various phases of our church life of late

years will deny that this power is diminishing. Even in our revivals now we see comparatively little of it. Deep conviction for sin and deep contrition for it, followed by joyful and jubilant conversion, are becoming rare. Few members of our church now know anything about that burden of spirit, that travail of soul, that agonizing and prevailing prayer for lost men, which once was a common experience of Methodists. We are told that this is to be expected—that as intelligence increases emotion will decrease, the more we know the less we shall feel, and when science has accomplished its mission and our culture is complete, religion will become entirely natural, and all that was thought to be supernatural in it will be relegated to the realm of obsolete superstitions. With all that is awful and alarming in it thus eliminated, it is claimed that religion, thus made easy and brought down to the level of the lowest mind, will find universal acceptance.

Meanwhile the stubborn facts baldly contradict the pretty theory. This amiable, easy-going, naturalistic and rationalistic religion has no grip on the conscience, no hold on the heart, no power in the life, and all its attractions fail to attract after the seeming novelty of its first appearance is gone. An eminent lawyer, with agnostic inclinations, who had attended a "liberal" church for a time and dropped out, was met by the pastor of the church and asked why he came no more; and the answer was: "To tell the truth, if there is no more in it than you say there is, it doesn't pay to get up in the morning and dress to go there."

Methodist preaching has not escaped from the enervating effects of this naturalism. It is true that in our churches generally the old form of sound words is still used and orthodoxy defended and commended. But there is

A SUBTLE HERESY OF THE HEART

more dangerous than any heresy of the

COFFEE AND HEART DISEASE

Slowly and Surely Affects the Heart's Action

"My heart seemed to be jumping out of my body one morning after I had used some coffee, clear, without cream or sugar—for I had been told that coffee would not hurt me if used that way. We were all greatly frightened at the serious condition of my heart until I remembered that it might be from the coffee."

"So when the trouble passed off I concluded never to use coffee again. It had hurt me greatly, used in the ordinary way with cream and sugar, but I had hoped that it would be less harmful without the cream and sugar; but the result was no better."

"Since that time we have been using Postum Cereal Food Coffee, and my heart has never troubled me at all. We are all delighted with the Postum because we know how to make it, and know how valuable it is as a health beverage."

"In speaking to a friend lately about Postum Cereal, she said she did not like it. I found the reason was that it had not been made properly. After I told her to take four heaping teaspoons of Postum to the pint of water, and let it boil full fifteen minutes after the real boiling started, she was greatly delighted with it, and has been using it since and has been very much better in health. Yours truly," Mrs. L. S. McElhinney, 1218 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

head because it works unseen and unsuspected and so undetected till its deadly work is done. It assumes the form of scholarly, scientific and philosophic discussions of themes more or less related to the Gospel and about the Gospel, but not the Gospel, hoping thus to attract the secular and scientific mind of the age ultimately to the Gospel itself. But it usually works the other way and confirms the unbelief it seeks to cure and alienates the minds it aims to win. No doubt there are ages of unbelief as well as of faith, times of spiritual epidemics and contagions, and this seems to be such a time, when secularism swamps the soul with its flood of half-truths and makes honest men think that eternity is too remote and the heavens too far away to be any help to us now, and we must seek and find in art and industry, in science and sociology, the gods that will lead us out of the wilderness of this tangled time into the promised land of the materialistic millennium. Those who yield to this delusion are sure to be disappointed at last, and many of them are aware of this already.

The popularity that comes from this seeming broadness and liberality and practicality is short-lived. There is no god but God, and no saviour but Jesus. The evil spirit of this age is the evil spirit of every age, and has no more regard for the new gods of science than he had for the old gods of gold; and to all exorcisms by them and their oracles, he will say, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are you?"

Because the Gospel has been diluted and adulterated by worldly wisdom it has largely lost its power over the hearts and consciences of men; for the Spirit of God speaks and works through the words of God and not through the words of men however beautiful and eloquent. "The words that I speak unto you," says the Master, "they are spirit and they are life." The old preachers who preached this divine word with absolute faith in it and in Him who sent them to preach it, in spite of their educational deficiencies and mental limitations, found this word of God "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit" and "a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Men were cut to the heart, convicted of sin, and brought into the experience of regenerating and sanctifying grace; and Methodism, everywhere opposed and weak from every human point of view, was "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

A diluted Gospel in the pulpit has brought

A DILUTED RELIGION INTO THE PEW.

Multitudes of our people tried not by the highest but the lowest standard of New Testament piety are lacking in the essential elements of Christian character, and as a consequence the spirit of the world which is one of self-indulgence, and not the spirit of Christ which is one of self-sacrifice, largely dominates the church. If Methodism is to make the coming century memorable by millions of converts and millions of money consecrated to God, Methodists must "repent and do their first works." We may not go back to the

forms and fashions of the fathers, but the spirit of faith and service and sacrifice which inspired them is an eternal necessity for the church they founded, without which it will decay and die as the body bereft of the soul decays and dies. The revival which Methodism needs must begin with Methodist preachers. The earthly aims and ambitions now causing so much unrest, as candidates are canvassed and canvassing for official honors, with all other aims and aspirations, must be nailed to the cross—our worldly wisdom must be crucified and "Christ Jesus be made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption." Then shall we be able to lead the people not only to the church, but to the Christ of the church, and unto them and us "the Lord shall be an everlasting light and the days of our mourning shall be ended."

Spring Valley, Minn.

MY OBLIGATIONS TO MY CRITICS

PROFESSOR H. C. SHELDON.

ON returning from a vacation I discovered that considerable attention had been paid to me by critical brethren. Forbearing to harass the readers of ZION'S HERALD by any detailed reply, I confess obligation to my critics for confirming my suspicion that even our more scholarly pastors may profit by giving serious consideration to the distinction laid down in my article, namely, the distinction between a relative and an absolute necessity for the death of Christ. I am confident that the longer candid and searching minds ponder the facts of doctrinal history, the limitations of the scriptural standpoint or outlook in relation to the theme of atonement, and the rational implications of the subject, the more unequivocal will be their conviction of the impolicy and unwarrantableness of any attempt to set forth as a test of orthodoxy the doctrine of absolute necessity. An attempt of that kind would infallibly prove nugatory. It requires no prophetic foresight to apprehend that the Methodist Church of the future will neither renounce its right to speak in general terms of the necessity of Christ's death, nor so far yield to a speculative mania as to tie itself up to the notion of absolute necessity.

I may be pardoned for expressing the hope that Dr. King has profited a little from the stimulus to reflection afforded by my essay. Surely it is about time for a man of his mental penetration to begin to see that the short and easy proof—scriptural and rational—which he adduces for the absolute necessity of Christ's death, from the bare fact of the occurrence of the death, is no proof at all. It is perfectly supposable that a benevolent God should be most deeply concerned not merely to establish a possibility of salvation, but to promote through the widest feasible limits the actuality of salvation. It is supposable, therefore, that He may have had an entirely sufficient motive to utilize the profoundly arresting and moving spectacle of the Cross, not because it was an absolutely necessary condition of the salvation of any one, but because it tends to facilitate and to effectuate the faith and love in which salvation for any one pre-

eminently consists. I do not say that this latter end was the whole motive of God in the transaction, but I do say that it may in all reason be accounted a sufficient motive, so that the bare occurrence of the death on the cross is no proof of its absolute necessity as a condition of salvation. To take the contrary ground is no compliment to Divine benevolence.

As regards the interpretation of Dr. Miley's teaching, a fresh reading has shown us—what we had no design to ignore—that he speaks freely of the necessity of Christ's death. However, it has shown us, also, that in so speaking he has generally, not to say always, in mind an antithesis between necessity and the negation of any real and cogent demand—not the antithesis between an absolute necessity and a relative one as previously defined. It has shown us furthermore that in the connection from which we specially quoted, all that he insists upon is a great personal sacrifice on the part of the incarnated Son of God, whereby a sufficient tribute should be rendered to the righteous government of God. In his general representation this is the point of emphasis—the transcendent tribute to righteous government. He does not say that this tribute could not by any possibility have reached the requisite measure save through subjection to the physical ordeal of death. We acknowledge that he does not discriminate closely on this point, and that there is a chance to discuss the intended range of some of his statements; but we still think that, if the question had been distinctly put to him, whether it is warrantable to assert that the rectoral justice of God could not by any conceivable course of righteous and



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suffering obedience have received the requisite tribute, apart from a specific experience of physical death, he would have hesitated to answer in the affirmative. Certainly from a rational point of view there is abundant ground for hesitation. It makes a strain on reason to suppose the weal of a spiritual universe to be absolutely conditioned on a physical event. If it be said that the principal worth of Christ's death lay in its ethical element, then it amounts to scarcely less than a ridiculous presumption to claim definite knowledge of the fact that an equivalent of that ethical worth, so far as it has any bearing on the relation of God to the race, could not have been realized apart from a particular physical ordeal. A spice of agnosticism is really the modest and decent thing in this connection.

In response to Dr. Whedon, it is appropriate for me to say that I have not written because I covet controversy, but because I profoundly desire peace. My sole ambition was to direct to a standpoint which will serve as a safeguard against flagrant and irritating controversy. The precise way to avoid such controversy is to forbear to treat optional items of speculative dogmatics as essentials. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind; but let no one be in haste to make his preferred opinion into a strait-jacket for his brother. So shall unity grow, and the love of Christ be magnified in us and through us.

Boston University.

NEEDED REORGANIZATION FOR MEDICAL MISSIONARY WORK

REV. LEVI B. SALMANS, B. D., M. D.

THE work of the preacher and the teacher are very nearly allied. A minister with aptitudes for communicating what he knows can teach. Besides, preaching is itself teaching in great part. Christ ordered His first preachers to "preach . . . teaching." Both by precept and by example He had already during three years and a half taught them how to get a hearing by healing, as well as how to demonstrate by the use of this philanthropy the good spirit of which they were possessed from on high.

As an entering wedge for evangelism, teaching in mission schools has found a recognized place in our times. The marvelous advances in civilization noted to exist in the most evangelized countries is by the less evangelized nations attributed to the teaching in their schools; so that, even where none of our gospel preaching is wanted, our teaching is so much desired that some will send their children even to a professedly missionary school, risking the denounced religious element for the sake of the foreign teaching of other things. But experience sufficiently protracted has demonstrated the limitations of this possibility. It is only the very irreligious as a rule who will risk their children in our schools. There is no such widespread, unfanaticising tendencies and such general predisposing influence in our favor in the school work as is found in medical work.

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While the school does serve somewhat as an entering wedge for the Gospel, its chief place is other, namely, that of instructing and developing strong men and women for leadership in multiple forms of activity in the work of bringing our race back to God.

The place of

MEDICO-EVANGELISM

as the entering wedge for the Gospel cannot be disputed by the school, nor longer neglected, much less spurned by the pulpit with the observation that "the old Gospel has not lost its power." "Into whatsoever city ye enter, heal the sick that are therein," is the very power itself of the Gospel to predispose, attract, and cause to hear and to believe, those rebellious and hardened sinners who will otherwise persist in their prejudices against us until they go down to their graves, and even leave their children equally deceived as to our real characters and that of our blessed heavenly message. What overwhelming evidence we have of this in the present state of affairs in Germany, and even in our own country! In the former country I noted villages mostly Catholic surrounding a Protestant village of high Christian virtues, and well established in Protestant forms and practices for centuries. The parts of Germany that received the Gospel at Luther's hands crystallized Protestant within a generation or two, and so did the parts of Germany which refused Luther's message crystallize Catholic, and are harder to evangelize today than in Luther's day, for they suppose themselves already to have looked into this matter in the persons of their ancestors, and to have found it bad and to have rejected it forever. They will to follow the religion of their fathers, at least until some one invites their attention to something of which their fathers never heard. In our own country, how all but impossible most Christians suppose it to be to evangelize Catholics, and no denomination as such makes any special provision therefor. They are apparently waiting for God's time to come. I have often wondered if God's time is not when we devote ourselves to Christ's methods and learn and use them perfectly. It is undeniable that we have been imperfect in our conceptions of His methods for evangelism, for the past century shows immense changes for the better in our conceptions and practices of God's way for reaching all kinds of sinners. I have wondered if a perfect appreciation of the nature and uses of healing for Christ's sake may not be the principal key to the situation which we still lack for the speedier evangelization of all those immense groups of the human family who reject us and our message simply because they are so attached to traditional religion and to traditional opinions of us and of what we offer them.

The proper organization of the Church of Christ for attaining the greatest results has always been a problem. The Christian Church has worked at it indefatigably, especially for a few centuries past. Each denomination thinks it is the nearest to perfection in this regard, but none fail to feel keenly their own imperfections at the same time. But little attention has been given as yet to the

PROPER ORGANIZATION OF THE MEDICAL BRANCH

of our labors. Some of the most untenable practices are still retained in the majority of our missionary societies. In the general perfection of organization which exists in our day, who thinks of putting the direction of any of the arts, professions or trades into the hands of others than those who are themselves skillful in the very same arts, professions or trades? In Christ's time and

for awhile thereafter healing for gospel purposes was a miraculous gift of the preachers themselves and of others devoted to evangelism. As it exists in our day, it involves the use of one of the most learned of the professions and one of the most difficult of arts, and, as practiced in the mission-fields, it also involves the knowledge and use of one of the trades—that in drugs and other necessary supplies. Can we forever continue to disregard the need of a certain autonomy for the missionary use of the medical art, profession and trade, and on the field subject such missionaries absolutely to the judgment and control of men who are preachers only, and at home have the boards made up without any regard whatever to the presence of committees or secretaries therein who are skillful and practiced in medical missionary work, or at least in the medical profession? There seems to be but one answer, and that is that this matter will require attention and "reorganization" in the case of most of the missionary societies before we can expect the full natural fruits for our Christ from this most important feature, if indeed we should not say department, of evangelism.

In Edinburgh and in London Medical Missionary Societies exist made up in their major part of medical men. They are far better rounded in their work than any of the other missionary societies so far as the use of this agency is concerned; for, not to mention other features, they have training schools for the training of medical missionaries, and this is certainly an all but essential feature for those who would take up the direction of this work in earnest. All medical matters are with them managed by medical men—boards, training schools, secretaries, superintendents, and on down to the very last details of the work on the field. Nevertheless, there seems to this writer to be a defect in their organization,

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for they seem to be too much divorced from the ministerial and teaching branches of the work.

Perhaps the influence of the presence and work of these societies in Great Britain has had something to do with leading the Church Missionary Society to take so large and radical a step three years ago in the organizing of the Medical Missionary Auxiliary and turning over to it the gathering of funds for this branch of the work, the publishing of a special medical missionary paper, and the selecting, sending out, and controlling on the field of all medical missionaries. The Seventh Day Adventists in the United States who have been most active in the use of medicine have also been taking large steps in securing a more advanced form of organization for the utilization of medical men and work.

Our first necessity is to be

CONVINCED OF OUR NEED.

Surely we need this powerful agency perfectly handled for the more speedily bringing to Christ those whom we fail to reach with our pulpits and our schools. If, as we believe, we have found in this medical work an efficacious means for reaching the Catholics, the Jews, and the submerged tenths of our own cities, not to mention the great aid it furnishes in reaching the masses of paganism, shall we be able to remain longer indifferent as to its increased use and rational organization?

The beginnings in the modern use of this agency have been experimental and largely personal. Scattered throughout the world of missionary enterprise individual doctors have gone to itinerate or carry on private practice for Christ, or to set up their isolated dispensaries or hospitals and work as best they could in relation with the ministers and teachers already on the ground and under the direction and support of those wholly unaccustomed to the use of this agency for Christ and who were almost always not even members themselves of the medical profession. In some places scarcely any appreciable difficulties referable to defective organization have appeared as yet, while in other places great damage to the work, and even its failure, have been clearly due to these causes. In some places the work has been handicapped by a controlling influence over it being placed in the hands of mission workers whose interest was already previously absorbed in the ministerial and school enterprises in which their own hands and hearts were engaged, and who at once saw, in this new and expensive agency a competitor for a division and diversion of the funds, already all too scarce, on which their hopes depended for the urgently needed developments of the work already begun.

There are now on the field 600 medical men and women engaged in this form of work exemplified and commanded by Christ Himself. The number preparing to take the field in this line of missionary activities is increasing rapidly. We believe the time has come, therefore, for the agitation in the right quarters of this imminent need for the reorganization, both in the home office and on the field, of that part of our missionary societies which has to do with the management of this branch of the work.

Guanajuato, Mexico.

—The only sure way to get rid of a past is by getting a future out of it. I am sure it would help us if we could only see that often sin is a perversion of good; that, as is often the case, the very sin came from a part of our nature that God made—a sense of justice, strong affections, or something that, if only turned in the right direction, would have made us whole. Don't think

there is no good in you. There is, or there would be nothing to appeal to. —Phillips Brooks.

Exposed Results

In many places the doors of the Church are not open oftener than once each Quarter. Suppose some Sinner should be convicted under the preaching of the Pastor and want to take some steps towards his salvation. Would'n't he have a hard time?

Is it too much to ask that during the year of the Twentieth Century Forward Movement, every Pastor open the doors of his church at least once each Sabbath?

W. W. Cooper,
Cor. Sec'y.

No Better and No Worse.

THIS is a picture of civilization in New York at the end of the nineteenth century, under the rule of Boss Croker. It is no better and no worse than the phenomena of cruel and unjust race prejudice exhibited in the Southern States. It shows that the nature of the New York tough, and the New York policeman, who often is only a tough in uniform, is not vastly different from that of the Chinese Boxer, in the matter of race prejudice and savagery. It shows how far short our Christianity comes of controlling the sentiment and action of our population. There are probably as many people in New York as in New Orleans who are ready to join in a "nigger hunting." It would hardly be surprising if lynch law should be resorted to in such a community at any time of provocation. The horrors of the draft riots are not wholly forgotten. —*Boston Herald.*

Down Among the People

REV. CHARLES GARRETT, the venerable Wesleyan minister, who is about to retire from his work, gives this message to young ministers: "Take Christ as your pattern and bring to your work as much common sense as possible. Go down to the level of the people you wish to serve. Make yourself one of them. Don't preach at them from above. Go down and live and work among them, make their interests yours, and you need not fear failure."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and, therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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Thrilling Description of the Bombardment of Tien-Tsin

WE have been waiting in the Missionary Office with intense anxiety, as have thousands of our people all over the country, for an account of the siege of Tien-Tsin and the details in regard to the escape of our missionaries from that city. The following letters written by Rev. J. H. Pyke, received at the Missionary Office, August 17, give a graphic description of the experiences through which our missionaries passed and of their providential escape. It seems almost incredible that all of them should have escaped without serious harm. But Mr. Pyke must be permitted to tell the story:—

Tien-Tsin, China, June 26.

For ten days we have been cut off from communication with the world. A week ago last Sunday morning, at one o'clock, the Taku forts opened fire on foreign vessels in the river. The fire was returned, and by daylight all the forts were taken. At 3 P. M. (Sunday, June 17) the fort in Tien-Tsin opened fire on this settlement, the shells flying thick and fast over our heads. For six days and nights we had constant fighting, and the casualties among the soldiers were many. Two or three times it seemed doubtful whether our troops could hold their own. The streets were barricaded, and every preparation made to resist to the last. The Chinese had several large guns, which our forces could not capture or silence, and these continued to shell us during the whole time. Our house was hit three times by shells, and our chapel three times (Wesley Chapel, in our compound). Two other buildings in the yard were struck, and one shell burst in the yard. Many of the buildings in the settlement were struck and more or less damaged, and many were set on fire and burned. It was a period of distress and suspense. Reinforcements were daily expected, but did not come. There was no word from them, nor from the force that had gone to relieve Pekin. We knew that all our people in Pekin—missionaries, legation people, and 400 foreign troops—were shut up in our compound and the legations, but whether living or dead we could not tell. It seemed that nothing could prevent all the foreigners in North China, from being exterminated. We tremble to hear from the stations in the interior. We fear that the missionaries, preachers, and members will all be cut off. The Lord only can deliver them. We long for news from Pekin, and yet fear to hear.

Last Saturday, 2,000 more men came in from Taku, and we consider Tien-Tsin saved, though we have had fighting every day since. Yesterday the forces under Admiral Seymour and Captain McCalla, sent to relieve Pekin, returned, without having been able to reach the capital. They had six days' hard fighting, and lost considerably over one-tenth of their entire force. Last Tuesday all foreigners were ordered out of Pekin within twenty-four hours. A special messenger got through with a piece of paper between his shoe soles. Since then we have had no news, but there is a report that they have not left, but are still in the city. To leave would mean their utter destruction, and that of all our native Christians, including students and schoolgirls. To remain there seems little better, as they are closely shut in, and must suffer for want of supplies. There is no immediate prospect of being able to relieve them, as the force here is insufficient. The governments that have troops at hand or near, as Russia, Japan, and the United States in the Philippines, seem very slow to move them. Think of the condition of our people! Daily threatened by an overwhelming force, and, if overpowered, the certainty of all being butchered, in danger of famine, and without food, fuel, and water, dreading disease almost as much as famine and sword—all this, without prospect of relief!

We here have been in the midst of battle for ten days; women and children exposed to shells and bullets; the settlement surrounded with the slain, and the river from which we get our water full of dead bodies. Wonderful to relate, not a single noncombatant has been injured, and, with the exception of two English missionaries, we have not heard of a single death

[Continued on Page 1083.]

THE CONFERENCES

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Dover District

Hedding Camp-ground.—The holiness meeting opened Monday evening, July 23, closing Friday evening, the 27th. Dr. Wm. McDonald, owing to the hot weather, did not feel able to be present. Dr. Daniel Steele was on the grounds a part of the week, giving some very helpful Bible expositions. The preachers were: Rev. E. E. Reynolds, Rev. A. L. Smith, Rev. J. W. Adams, Rev. S. E. Quimby, Rev. L. N. Fogg, Rev. W. T. Boultenhouse, and Mrs. Reed, of Worcester. All the meetings were good. Some souls touched a higher plane of spiritual life. The Sunday preachers have been, for July, Revs. D. W. Downs, J. E. Robins, F. O. Tyler, W. B. Locke, and Wm. Woods. For August, communion the first Sabbath, conducted by Rev. Otis Cole; the 12th, Rev. Charles Tilton, of Salem, Mass., preached the Academic sermon. The annual camp-meeting opens Monday, Aug. 27. The district stewards' meeting will be held Wednesday, the 29th.

Amesbury.—All lines of church work are steadily improving. Pastor Deetz reports: "A new Epworth League has been organized." We shall expect splendid results from this live body of young Christian workers. We congratulate the Leaguers of New England on the wise selection of Mr. Deetz as second vice-president. An important office has been well filled.

Lawrence, First Church.—This society has met with a serious loss in the death of Lurandus Beach, Esq., at his summer home on Hampton Beach, Thursday, Aug. 2. The funeral services were held at his residence in Lawrence, Monday afternoon, Aug. 6, Revs. F. C. Rogers, D. C. Knowles, W. H. Hutchin, and J. E. Robins officiating. Mr. Beach has been very closely connected with city and church interests for more than thirty years. He faithfully and ably represented, at one time, the laymen of our Conference in the General Conference. Successful in business, he did not forget the work of the Lord, and delighted in helping the worthy interests of our churches. The family and church have our sincere sympathy.

Tuftsboro.—Forty-four were present at church on a recent Sabbath—about as many as we find in some of our city churches during the heated period.

Moultonville.—The death of Mr. Rich, of Malden, removed a valuable friend and helper of this society. Mr. Rich was one of the proprietors of Rowland Park, a delightful summer resort in Ossipee. This little Christian community has been a valuable adjunct to our church interests. What an opportunity there is to help in the work of the Lord, as religious people scatter through our rural districts!

Rochester.—Rev. G. W. Farmer and family have returned from a restful trip to the tip-top of the State. Mr. Farmer reports a rainy season in the north, with heavy crops, while in the southern portion of New Hampshire we have been burning up with drouth. Rochester reports increasing interest in class-meetings and a general expectancy looking toward revival.

East Rochester.—Rev. S. C. Keeler was away two Sabbaths, visiting in Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York. He reports a pleasant vacation.

East Kingston.—Rev. C. W. Martin had a delightful trip to London, Paris and Scotland. Since his return a handsome pipe organ has been presented to the little church, the gift of Charles Morrill, of Chicago. Mr. Morrill has in many ways shown himself a substantial friend of this society.

Kingston.—Our church and parsonage are now in first-class condition and are ornaments to the village. The Masons have presented the society with a very fine pump. There is in this gift, however, no intimation that the parson's sermons are dry. Church services are well attended, and religious interest excellent.

Lawrence, Garden St.—Rev. James Cairns was absent from his pulpit two Sabbaths, but the work of the church went on just the same. This society always has good ministers. Mr. Cairns has been heartily received. It may not be wise to tell all the good things said of the

pastor at the second quarterly conference in his absence.

Personal.—Rev. Walter F. Felch, a local preacher of considerable experience, is making his home at Dover. He can be secured as a Sunday supply.

Rev. John Cairns preached at Grace Church, Haverhill, Aug. 5, and Rev. James Cairns preached at Third Church, Haverhill, Aug. 12.

Rev. Benson P. Wilkins, son of Rev. W. J. and grandson of Rev. E. R. Wilkins, has supplied several of our pulpits this summer.

Rev. G. W. Norris is as deeply interested as ever in the work of our churches. He greatly enjoys a call from his brethren, and his brethren delight to pass an hour in his company.

Rev. W. H. Jones makes his summer home at Hedding. He is getting to be a "superannuated" preacher instead of superannuated—so he says. There never was anything dull about our brother.

EMERSON.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Augusta District

Gardiner.—Here is one of the best appointments in the Maine Conference, as the numerical, financial and spiritual conditions indicate. Rev. A. A. Lewis, the pastor, has all strings drawing on the line of salvation. Every department of church work bears the imprint of his personality. From the children's service to the pulpit his footsteps may be traced. Prosperity is stamped on every line of work. It is, indeed, a live church. There have been several conversions since Conference, and baptisms are soon to follow. The Sunday-school now numbers 300, with 100 in the home department; 75 new books have been recently added, making a library of 600 volumes. The benevolences of the church are being cared for, and all collections will be taken in due time.

Richmond.—Our church here is located in this beautiful village on the Kennebec River, which, in years ago, was a ship-building town. Then a great deal of business was done and many hands were employed. Money was plenty, the people were liberal, and the churches flourished. But things have greatly changed within the last few years. The place is beautiful for situation just the same, but the hum of the saw and the noise of the hammer are heard no more as in the days of yore. Many have died, others have moved to different places seeking employment, or gone into business for themselves. Rents are cheap and real estate is for sale at low figures. But, even amid defeat in business and other discouraging features, Rev. S. Hooper, the popular pastor, is not only holding the fort, but is moving aggressively with his people in church work and overcoming conditions to the glory of God and the comfort of his own soul. Our church lives and is prospering somewhat, but is feeling the pressure of hard times in this community. Mr. Hooper knows how to bring sunshine to a church or to a soul.

On a recent visit to this church the pastor had previously planned a reception for the presiding elder, which was delightfully carried out. A large company gathered in the chapel where sweet music was rendered, pleasant things said, ice cream and cake served, and hand-shaking and a general good time enjoyed.

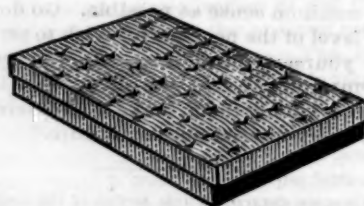
Oakland.—Rev. J. B. Lapham is pastor, and perhaps no preacher is more enjoyed on the district than he. He and his family are deservedly popular on the Oakland and Sidney charge, and are highly esteemed not only by his own church, but by the other churches and the citizens generally. The presiding elder's visit to this church and the village was made delightfully pleasant. At the church on a Sunday afternoon, by previous arrangement, the G. A. R. post, W. R. C., and S. of V. came in bodies and occupied reserved seats in front. The church was beautifully decorated with bunting, flags and flowers. Several baptisms and church receptions are reported. Church work is moving forward in great peace and harmony, and Pastor Lapham is very happy in it.

Winthrop.—Rev. F. C. Norcross is at home with this people. The first quarterly conference revealed united interest for aggressive work as outlined by the pastor. A good parsonage, pleasant surroundings and a satisfied people are some of the good things for which the pastor has reason for thanksgiving. All things are pleasant, with a good religious interest. Already plans are maturing for a religious campaign the coming fall. When pastor and officials unite, under God, to do His work, I am sure He will bless the efforts put forth. Good congregations and good religious interest are reported.

Monmouth.—This old field is faithfully tilled by Rev. H. L. Nichols. The church has not lost all of its old-time fire; many of its former strong men and women are gone, and many of its younger members have moved into other towns where there is more business; but though depleted by death and otherwise, yet there remains good and true stock of the fathers. This is a people loyal to every interest of the church. The church believes in the Methodist ministry and supports it. The pastor has his salary to date, and yet there is more to follow; he is well liked and highly spoken of. Pastor and people are agreed that the church edifice needs repairs and changes, and plans are well under way for quite an extensive work on these lines. We have no doubt but that the plans will materialize, for church-going people are in sympathy with this movement, and when finished we shall have one more very pleasant place of worship. All lines of work are drawing toward the salvation of souls.

Leeds and Greene.—Rev. F. H. Hall, the pastor, and his good wife are faithfully tilling the soil on this part of the Lord's moral vineyard. This is Mr. Hall's first charge, and his third year on it. It is safe to say that while many pastors receive more in dollars and dimes, there are

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none who are loved and appreciated more than he and his wife. This is another of our strictly farming pastorates; in fact, the preacher lives on a farm of twenty acres. This may be said to be the only parsonage farm in the Conference. While the salary is one of the smallest, no pastor and his wife can be better cared for. The people anticipate their every need, and from the farm bring to the parsonage and stable the products in generous supply. During his pastorate here Mr. Hall has been taking a regular course in Cobb Divinity School at Lewiston and caring for his work on the charge, driving a distance of nine miles to the school and returning twice each week. This, with Conference studies and church work, makes him a very diligent man. He keeps all strings drawing. Congregations and religious interest are good. C. A. S.

Portland District

Maryland Ridge.—With commendable loyalty to the church and the appointing powers Rev. J. W. Lewis takes hold of the work with as much zeal as if he had sought the appointment. The people speak in the highest terms of his sermons and all his ministrations. They are supporting him generously, having increased the claim. Five have been baptized and received on probation, and 2 have joined by letter. Others will join soon. At the Sunday evening services, especially, there are large numbers of intelligent young people. If they can be won for Christ there may yet be a strong church here.

Ogunquit.—Rev. George D. Stanley is bravely holding on in his efforts to save this church. During the summer months the visitors fill the pews. People of many denominations attend regularly and speak highly of the pastor's sermons. The people of the town do little for the church at present, but are gradually taking hold, as they see that the Methodist Church means to stay.

Biddeford.—Rev. C. W. Bradlee is using a fine typewriter presented him by an old friend and parishioner. Some others need such a help in writing more than this pastor; however, he highly appreciates it. His long vacation kindly granted by his people is renewing his strength for the winter campaign. E. O. T.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

New Bedford District

Osterville.—Rev. Ralph T. Flewelling, of Augusta, Mich., who is in the East pursuing studies in Boston University, has been appointed pastor here. The Epworth League Literary Circle tendered the pastor and family a reception, June 21, at the home of Mrs. Israel Crocker. A pleasing program, followed by refreshments, was the order of the evening. The Epworth League has recently circulated some attractive "Department Guides," containing much helpful information. Sunday, Aug. 5, the pastor preached from, "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" after which the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered by Rev. C. N. Hinckley, assisted by the pastor. The summer visitors are very helpful by attendance upon church services. A barge is chartered by the church to convey worshipers from Wianno, a near-by summer resort. Mrs. J. S. Toombly, of Brookline, has sung several times during her stay. The pastor has announced the following series of sermons for Sunday evenings during August under the title of "The Gospel in Modern Literature: Tennyson, 'In Memoriam'; Hugo, 'Jean Valjean'; Browning, 'Saul'; Tolstoi, 'Resurrection.'" L. S.

Brockton and Vicinity

Franklin Church, Brockton.—Rev. J. N. Patterson is constantly gathering up the results of the gracious revival of last winter. On a recent Sunday he received 1 from probation and 2 by certificate.

East Bridgewater.—A fine spiritual condition obtains here. On Sunday, Aug. 5, Rev. John Pearce received 2 by certificate and 1 from probation. Two have just started in the Christian life. Mr. Frank Fisher, a member of our church, preached at Avon Baptist Church, Sunday, Aug. 12.

East Weymouth.—A good spirit of unity prevails here between the Congregational and Methodist churches. The Sunday-schools of the two churches held a union picnic at Nantasket Beach, which was much enjoyed, on June 25.

The two congregations unite in worship during the month of August. One was received by letter and 4 on probation, Aug. 5. Raymond D. Allen, son of the pastor, was graduated from the Rogers High School, Newport, R. I., in June, and was awarded the gold medal for excellence in Greek, and the silver medal for excellence in mathematics. He expects to enter Wesleyan University in September.

West Abington.—Rev. Joshua Monroe, the founder of this church, preached an interesting sermon, Aug. 5. Mr. Monroe was cordially greeted by old-time friends.

Whitman.—Just as your correspondent began to write these notes a letter was placed in his hands peremptorily commanding him to drop everything and take the next train for Yarmouth Camp station; but the command was re-enforced by enough greenbacks to make compliance with the order a delight.

Personal.—Rev. J. O. Spencer, D. D., and daughter have recently been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Anthony, of Howard St., Brockton. Dr. Spencer was sixteen years a missionary in Japan, and is the new president of the Hudson River Institute at Claverack, N. Y.

Rev. S. F. Johnson, pastor of our church at Bourne, on July 29, preached in the First Congregational and Potter churches of Brockton, in the morning and evening respectively. His sermons were greatly appreciated.

Rev. O. W. Scott and wife, formerly of Campbell, now of Maplewood, have been visiting Rev. N. C. Alger. G. E. B.

VERMONT CONFERENCE

Montpelier District

Preachers' Meeting.—The Preachers' Meeting at Hartland was considered by those in attendance a great success. Twenty-four clergymen representing six different denominations were present, and the exercises were of deep interest, both to the preachers present and also to the people of the place. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the gathering was 'the exegetical study of Galatians conducted by Rev. C. F. Partridge. This was so helpful that the Association voted to have another at the next session, and requested Mr. Partridge to conduct it. He announced that the selection for study the next time would be the Epistle to the Romans. The desire was also expressed of having another meeting this year, and the committee was instructed to arrange for holding one in the fall. Special mention should be made of the elegant illustrated souvenir program issued by Pastor Dennett, and the royal entertainment given by the people.

Ludlow.—Rev. Xenophon M. Fowler was summoned from the Preachers' Meeting at Hartland to attend the funeral of his wife's father, who died suddenly at Plymouth. The missionary apportionment of \$65, including what will be paid by the Sunday-school, has been raised in full, and the amount thus far raised for the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society is more than double that raised last year. Mr. Fowler has just received his Master's degree from his Alma Mater. There has been a gratifying increase in both the morning and evening congregations on Sunday.

Montpelier.—One encouraging feature of the work at this place is the fact that some of the young business men of the city are becoming interested in personal religion, and request Pastor Judkins to come and talk over with them the matter of beginning a Christian life. Still others have been received by letter into full membership.

Northfield.—It was Rev. A. W. C. Anderson, the pastor of this church, and not the pastor of the church at Montpelier, who delivered the baccalaureate sermon at the Commencement of Norwich University, which was commended in this column a short time since. Mr. Anderson has fine literary taste, as his report of the proceedings of the last Conference shows, and his sermons are often intellectual treats to discriminating hearers.

Perkinsville.—One more has been received on probation, and there is a healthy increase in the congregations on Sunday.

Pittsfield.—Three have just been received into full connection; two others have been similarly received since Conference, and yet more are to come later. A good spiritual interest prevails, and one has recently announced a purpose to begin a Christian life. The attendance upon the week-night prayer-meetings is most excellent.

Rochester.—The remodeling of the parsonage is completed. The improvements include the raising of the building another story, the enlarging of the front hall, the construction of a bath-room, the addition of a spacious veranda in front, etc., all of which, with the new plaster, paper and paint on the old part, make the structure largely a new edifice. Some of the faculty of Emerson College, Boston, assisted in the entertainment which was given in connection with the house-warming. In this work Rev. E. W. Sharp has borne his full part, and the leading members of the church have rolled up their sleeves and done scores of days' work. The result will long be a joy to both pastor and people. The out-district meeting held by the Epworth League is largely attended and prosperous. The Sunday congregations at this place, and also at Hancock and Granville, at each of which places Mr. Sharp preaches every Sabbath, are much larger than at the same time last year.

Wilmington.—The repairs on the interior of the church are completed, and the appearance is greatly beautified. Rev. I. S. Yerks has again been secured to lead the singing at the camp-meeting.

Larger Salaries.—The net increase in the official estimate of the pastors' salaries on this district is over \$1,200 in excess of last year. These figures show good times, growing churches, and generous officials.

Brattleboro.—As a result of the visit of Miss Jefferson and Mrs. Webb there was a collection of nearly ten dollars, and also a new W. H. M. S. auxiliary of ten members. Mrs. Ella C. Elmer, Conference corresponding secretary, writes that

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she hopes for seven or eight new auxiliaries in this district as the result of the work done lately. This is progress in the right direction.

Hartland.—Rev. A. C. Dennett has been called suddenly to New Jersey by the serious illness of his baby boy. May his worst fears not be realized!

Thetford Centre.—The pastor of this church, Rev. Guy Lawton, has just sailed for Europe, to be gone six weeks. This makes at least four Vermont Conference preachers who have gone abroad this season. Happiness and health go with them!

Bondville.—"Father" Burbank of this place passed to rest, Aug. 4, at the age of 84 years, and after an illness of only eight days. He was present at the last mid-week meeting prior to his illness, and left his testimony; he had also been the most constant in his attendance upon that means of grace of any man in the community. For a long series of years his name had been as precious ointment poured forth, and the church and place are the richer because of the precious legacy of his memory. His funeral was attended by his pastor, Rev. E. Ransom Currier, assisted by Rev. Charles M. Charlton, a former pastor.

Perkinsville.—This church has met with a loss in the death of Mrs. Stoughton, one of its oldest members. Fifty-two years ago she and her husband, who survives her, moved to this place and joined the Methodist church here; they have ever since retained their membership in this society, and have always been consistent and active Christians. They have seven children, all of whom have united with the church and are following in the path trod by their parents. The memory of the just is blessed.

Weston.—The pulpit of this church has been most acceptably supplied during the past two months by Rev. Geo. F. Wells, the brother of the pastor, during the latter's absence in Europe. Evangelist Gillam will hold a two weeks' series of meetings at this place the early part of September, and the people are already beginning to hear the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees.

Wilmington.—The repairs on the church, noted in a general way in the last batch of items, include the repainting and repapering of the interior, a beautiful new electroliner, new cocoa matting for the aisles, twelve stained glass windows, a porch over the front door, and some exterior painting.

The Collections.—It is of great and growing importance to get at the benevolent collections early in the year. This makes the work much easier, and more successful by far. Will all of the pastors, please, who have not already done so, begin this important matter at once?

RETLAW.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Cambridge District

Graniteville.—A more devoted people cannot be found. The pastor, Rev. J. A. Day, and family have been tenderly cared for. Meetings are good, and the benevolent collections thus far are ahead of last year. The millstone of an old debt will be paid before Conference. On a recent Monday evening, two young ladies went to the parsonage in the pouring rain and left an envelope for Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Day, filled with greenbacks and some silver. The pastor writes: "Another of our financial helpers, Mr. Plympton, is very low. His sun seems to be fast sinking. Three such helpers in less than a year is hard for our church."

Yarmouth Camp-Meeting

The session of 1900, beginning Aug. 6 and closing Aug. 13, was of marked interest and power. It was a fitting farewell meeting both of the century and of the official relationship of Presiding Elder Everett, who has labored so faithfully and efficiently upon the New Bedford District for nearly six years. All the preaching was of a high order, and the attendance was uniformly larger all through than in recent years. As usual, there was a preliminary week, during which there was a musical day, a temperance day, and a Sunday-school day, with a missionary service on the Sabbath.

The camp-meeting proper opened on Monday evening, Aug. 6, with a sermon by Dr. L. B. Bates, based upon Psalm 85: 6: "Wilt thou not revive us again, that Thy people may rejoice in

Thee?" Dr. Bates does not grow old, but, like Moses of ancient days, his spiritual eye is undimmed and his natural strength of intellect is unabated. Like the skillful physician, years but increase his value in his tact at the altar services, of which he had charge through the session. On Tuesday morning Rev. Walter P. Buck, pastor of Central Church, Taunton, drew important lessons from Joshua 6: 20: "So the people shouted when the priests blew the trumpets," etc. The afternoon preacher was Rev. E. J. Ayres, of Centenary Church, Provincetown, who gave inspiring words from the text: "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you" (Acts 1: 8). Rev. G. A. Grant, of Middleboro, emphasized in the evening the idea that we as Christians should recognize Jesus not simply as our Saviour, but more especially as Lord, taking as his text part of the familiar verse in Acts 16: 31: "Believe on the Lord."

Wednesday morning Dr. Bates interpreted the meaning of "the keys" given unto Peter as recorded in Matt. 16: 19. In the afternoon Rev. O. E. Johnson, of Fall River, urged all to holy purposes and ambitions as he discoursed upon "The Triumphant Life;" and in the evening Rev. J. E. Blake, of Sandwich, from the passage, Matt. 16: 13-17, presented the need of a Divine revelation to make known to us the Divine Christ.

Thursday forenoon Rev. Ambrie Field, principal of East Greenwich Academy, brought forth valuable lessons upon "God's Providence," from Exodus 2: 6: "She had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children." Rev. Dr. Daniel Dorchester, Jr., who was to have preached that morning, was unavoidably detained by an accident. A large number of excursionists from Edgartown and Cottage City came on that day, arriving a little before noon and remaining until 3 o'clock. The afternoon preaching service was placed an hour earlier on this account, and Dr. Bates in his characteristic way plead with the great audience to yield to Christ. A male quartet, consisting of R. S. Robson, Rev. W. D. Woodward, Rev. W. I. Ward, and Rev. G. A. Grant, rendered the selections, "The Old Wayside Cross" and "God Save My Boy." The evening speaker was Rev. W. I. Ward, of Centre Church, Provincetown, who feelingly urged upon the people "to know the love of Christ" (Eph. 3: 19).

Friday dawned, and, as morning preacher, came one who is always welcome at our Methodist camps and churches, and equally sought after by other denominations—Rev. L. T. Townsend, D. D. He inspired us with a vivid delineation of the character of John the Baptist and his methods of preaching. His masterly presentation was based on words found in Matt. 11: 11 and John 5: 35. In the afternoon Rev. J. F. Cooper, pastor of First Church, Taunton, delivered an earnest message from Romans 8: 31: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Rev. J. H. Buckley, pastor of County Street Church, New Bedford, presented, in the evening, impressive lessons from the fact that Christ's sacrifice for man was entirely voluntary. His words were based upon John 10: 17 and 18: "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life that I might take it again."

Rev. J. Hollingshead, of Wellfleet, contrasted very forcibly, on Saturday morning, the differences between the various religions of the world and Christianity from the words of the prophet Jeremiah: "Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no physician there?" (Jer. 8: 22.) In the afternoon we were glad to greet again one who but recently left our Conference, and is now pastor at Chattanooga, Tenn., Rev. James M. Taber, D. D. For an hour he poured forth a flood of eloquence, picturing to us the blessings and opportunities of "The Present-Day Man," "upon whom the ends of the world are come" (1 Cor. 10: 11). Rev. R. C. Grose, of Tabernacle Church, Providence, in the evening, showed from John 19: 19 how that what was originally the "accusation" of Jesus became by John's time and afterward His "title."

Sunday morning dawned with a cooler atmosphere than the hot and stifling air of the previous two days, and during the day a large number came upon the grounds. Rev. Dr. Willard T. Perrin, presiding elder of Boston District, New England Conference, was the morning preacher. From Jesus' words recorded in John 12: 23 and 24 he showed, in tender and persuasive language, the necessity of dying to the world and self if we are to bring forth fruit

unto God. Dr. Bates, in the afternoon, discoursed upon the theme of the present disturbance in China, as to whether it indicated the near coming of Christ. He based his remarks upon Matt. 24: 6-9; 25: 52. In the evening, from Ephesians 5: 27 and 1 Corinthians 14: 12, Rev. Eben Tirrell, pastor of Pleasant St. Church, New Bedford, roused the congregation with the thought of Christ's ideal of a holy church "without spot or wrinkle," and to the thought of the Christian's seeking individually purity of heart that he "may excel to the edifying of the church."

The theme of Rev. E. E. Phillips, of Fall River, on Monday morning, was "Christian Perfection," from Hebrews 6: 1-3, and he earnestly exhorted the saints to "go on unto perfection." Rev. L. M. Flocken, of New Bedford, in the closing sermon of the meeting, likewise urged all to go away out into the ocean of God's love where there are "waters to swim in" (Ezekiel 47: 5).

The above outline barely gives a hint of the varied themes which made up the feast at old Yarmouth this year, so far as sermons are concerned. No mention has yet been made of the altar services following nearly all of the preaching, Dr. Bates usually leading. These altar services were seasons of marked power. Many seekers both older and younger, for both pardon and purity, came forward for the prayers of God's people. More than one shining face told of definite answer to prayer. The early morning prayer services, and the twice-a-day society tent meetings at the Chatham, Wareham, South Yarmouth and East Harwich tents, were very helpful. Testimonies to the joy of sonship with Christ and to the old-fashioned Methodist (?)

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second blessing of entire sanctification were heard. All churches represented can hardly fail to feel during the coming weeks and months the holy influences of Yarmouth camp-meeting of 1900. Many of the preachers present expressed the thought that the especially high spiritual tone of the meeting was due, in a measure, to the "Pastors' Retreat" held on the grounds several weeks before the camp-meeting. It is hoped that the succeeding presiding elder may arrange for a similar gathering of the ministers.

One of the things which greatly added to the power of the meetings was the inspiring singing from the Methodist Hymnal and "The Songs of Redemption." The latter was introduced to the camp this season, and at once won its way into favor by its gospel of salvation crystallized into poetry and set to appropriate music. Mr. R. S. Robson, of Boston, took charge of the volunteer choir with his usual acceptability, and also touched all hearts with his many beautiful solos. He was ably assisted in special pieces by Mrs. Kent, Miss Baker, Rev. W. D. Wilkinson, and others. Miss M. A. Kingman, of Taunton, presided at the organ, and Rev. W. A. Gardner, of Berkley, R. I., played the cornet.

A very pleasant and helpful feature of the meetings was the work of Miss Caroline E. Hoxie, deaconess at New Bedford Portuguese mission church, who conducted the children's meetings daily in one of the society tents. They were largely attended. On the day of the excursion they came in a body to the platform of the great auditorium, and sang one of their pleasing "motion" songs.

A feeling of sadness came upon many hearts when one day a telegram announced the very serious illness, at his home in Bourne, of Dr. W. V. Morrison, formerly presiding elder of the district. Rev. W. P. Buck offered a resolution of sympathy, and the audience adopted it by a rising vote. A committee of three, consisting of Presiding Elder Everett, Rev. S. F. Johnson (Dr. Morrison's pastor), and Rev. W. D. Wilkinson, a sweet singer in Israel, were appointed to convey this message of sympathy. They went that afternoon, and returned at night, bringing word that our beloved brother was very weak, yet somewhat more comfortable. Dr. Morrison's words to the presiding elder, given as a return message to his brethren in the ministry, are worthy of engraving on the walls of every pastor's study in the land: "Tell the brethren not to read essays, but to preach." Dr. Morrison is greatly beloved for his years of service in the Conference.

It was an inspiration to the camp to see the shining face of our large-hearted lay brother from Wellfleet, L. D. Baker, whose generosity toward Yarmouth camp-ground is greatly appreciated. Mr. Baker has had erected on the grounds this summer a beautiful and commodious cottage, which is an ornament to the place, and which entertained many guests interested in the meetings.

Mention must be made of the love-feast conducted prior to the Sabbath morning preaching service, and led by Rev. Edward Edson. It was a time of fervent and spirited testimony. Mr. Edson also conducted the sacramental service held at the closing service on Monday evening. Afterward all marched around the auditorium, and formed a large circle. Joining hands and kneeling, the people were led in an impressive prayer by Mr. Everett, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. O. E. Johnson. A subsequent service was held in the Chatham tent, lasting until midnight.

A noticeable fact of this meeting was the large attendance of ministers, some thirty-two from the district, and over half a hundred in all, being upon the grounds during the session. These and the unusually large number of persons present were well cared for by the untiring efforts of the manager, Mr. Isaiah Snow, and his corps of able assistants, at the eating house, the police station, post-office, etc. Mr. Snow made a graceful speech at the closing service, and on behalf of laymen present at the camp presented Presiding Elder Everett with a roll of bills as a token of the esteem in which he is held all over the district. Mr. Everett responded with feeling.

L. S.

One dose a day of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine will cure indigestion and constipation perfectly and permanently. The Vernal Remedy Company of Buffalo, N. Y., will send a trial bottle FREE AND PREPAID to any reader of ZION'S HERALD.

Famed Places in a Famous Region

Lofty peaks, invigorating air, beautiful scenery, delightful society, cascades, rushing streams, enchanting surroundings, magnificent hotels—such is the make-up of the White Mountains region of New Hampshire.

This vast region, covering many, many square miles of territory, is one great summer pleasure resort. Every necessity for enjoyment is at hand, and nothing will be found lacking that the tourist might suggest or expect.

Golf of course stands paramount as the leading recreative allurements, and mountain climbing is a chief feature in White Mountain life, nearly every mountain having its paths; but to Mount Washington the climbers look for the greatest sport, for there is a variety of ways of ascending the great mountain, and the number of incidents which the trip affords are often of a most exciting and thrilling nature.

To get to the mountains there are several routes, either of which lies through interesting country, and the scenes one finds at every turn are wondrous and magnificent workings of nature.

The White Mountain villages are every one of them pleasant places, and each has innumerable attractions which are important, attractive, and are oftentimes picturesque, and have made their locations famed.

In North Conway there are many places of interest, White Horse Ledge being one of the first to attract one's attention. Thompson's Falls, hidden away in the great forests, is a most beautiful waterfall, and like Artist's Brook and Artist's Falls is delightfully picturesque.

Echo Lake is included in North Conway's environs, likewise the Cathedral, also Diana's baths, either of which is well worth visiting.

Conway's sunsets are as famed as the Mount Washington sunrise, and the charming effects which they bring are a charm and delight to all who view them.

Intervale has many noted attractions, and perhaps the most notable of them is the Great Cathedral Woods.

Glen Ellis Falls, up in the Glen Region, is by no means a rushing torrent, but instead is a crystal-like stream pouring in a solid column over a seventy-foot precipice, the sides of which cliff are rough and jagged, and the mountain stream as it hurtles downward is deflected from side to side, and the mists rising therefrom are of most delicate and finely hued colors.

Silver Cascade, in the Crawford Notch, is one of the sights of the mountains. This waterfall is seen from the train in passing through the Notch.

The water descends almost perpendicularly for a distance of nearly four hundred feet, and glides over the face of the ledge a clear, silver-like, unbroken sheet.

Jefferson lies on the slope of Starr King, and the broad expanse of mountain scenery which unfolds itself to the vision of the tourist is one of magnificent splendor.

The Presidential Range from Jefferson is a delightful vista, and the drives and walks which may be taken from here are among the best and most widely known in the mountains.

Perhaps the one object above all others which impresses the White Mountain tourist is "The Old Man of the Mountain."

Twelve hundred feet above Profile Lake, in Franconia Notch, is this "Great Stone Face." It does everything but speak, and the great solemn features are so exceedingly fascinating that one never tires of gazing in awe and wonderment at this gigantic superhuman face.

Franconia Notch has an Echo Lake over which a sound reflects several times with ever-increasing clearness.

Cannon Mountain, Eagle Cliff, and the Flume and the Pool and Basin are other natural curiosities which have made not only their own locality but the whole mountain region famous.

Of Mount Washington much might be said: 6,293 feet above the sea level, the view from its summit extends over a radius of more than a hundred miles, including lake, mountain, shore and river scenery. The ride up the mountain side on the cog railway is not only delightful but thrilling.

There are many objects of interest to be seen on Mount Washington, chief among them being Tuckerman's Ravine, Great Gulf and Lake of the Clouds. The geologist and botanist are in clover when on Mount Washington, for many rare and choice specimens in their lines are found there. Bethlehem, Littleton, Fabyan, Colebrook, Lancaster, Sugar Hill, and two score of other mountain resorts will be found to be

fully as interesting, and of them an extended description is given in the delineation published by the Boston & Maine Railroad known as "The Book of the Mountains," and which is sent for a two-cent stamp to any address by the Gen. Pass. Dept. B. & M. R. R., Union Station, Boston, Mass.

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CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

Bunker Hill Camp-meeting, Maxfield, Me.,	Aug. 16-20
Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting,	Aug. 19-26
Claremont Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-25
East Poland Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
North Anson Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Willimantic Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Lyndonville (Vt.) Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Empire Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Sheldon (Vt.) Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Laurel Park, Northampton, Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Northport (Me.) Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-27
Burlington Dist. Camp-meeting at Spring Grove, Vt.,	Aug. 23-30
Wilmot Camp-meeting,	Aug. 27-31
Hedding Camp-meeting,	Aug. 27-Sept. 1
Asbury Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 27-Sept. 3
STERLING CAMP-GROUND:	
Epworth League Assembly,	Aug. 23-26
Annual Camp-meeting,	Aug. 27-31
Swedish Camp-meeting,	Sept. 1-3
Groveton Camp-meeting,	Sept. 3-7
New Hampshire Conf. Ep. League Convention at Concord, N. H.,	Sept. 26, 27

Marriages

BATES—DRUMMOND—In West Fitchburg, Aug. 15, by Rev. L. W. Adams. Elmer F. Bates, of Leominster, and Annie Drummond, of Fitchburg.

When we have good blood we are healthy, strong, vigorous, and full of life and energy. Hood's Sarsaparil makes good blood.

W. F. M. S.—The annual meeting of the New England Branch will be held in Grace M. E. Church, Springfield, Mass., Oct. 10-12. Mrs. O. K. Merrill, 6 Warriner Ave., Springfield, is chairman of entertainment committee, and will be pleased to hear from delegates not later than Oct. 1. Full particulars of the meeting will be published later. A. W. PHINNEY, Rec. Sec.

GORDON MISSIONARY TRAINING SCHOOL.—The twelfth year of the Gordon Missionary Training School will open at the Clarendon St. Baptist Church on Wednesday, Oct. 10. Students desiring admission will meet the examining committee at 10 a. m. in the vestry, entrance at the Montgomery St. door. The courses of instruction will be along the same lines as heretofore. To those who have made inquiries concerning the school, and to all who apply, a prospectus giving fuller particulars will be sent.

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Brooklyn, N. Y.

Superintendent, REV. JOHN A. McELWAIN,
194 Huntington Ave., Boston.

Sec. and Treas., MRS. A. J. GORDON,
182 West Brookline St., Boston.

MINISTERS' WIVES' ASSOCIATION.—The summer meeting of the Ministers' Wives' Association of Lynn District will be held at the cottage of Mrs. J. W. Higgins and Mrs. J. M. Leonard, Pleasant Ave., Asbury Grove, on Monday, Aug. 27, at 2:30 p. m. All ministers' wives on the district, whether residents or visitors, are cordially invited to be present.

Mrs. G. A. PHINNEY, Rec. Sec.

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For further information address
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OBITUARIES

Where are the eyes we loved,
Tender and full of light?
Where are the hands we held,
Stumbling on through the night?
Gone, they are gone as a lamp
Dies, blown out by a breath;
What hast thou done with our dear ones,
Death?

Where, from our eager eyes
Withheld for a bitter space,
Do they wait till our basting feet
Have brought us face to face?
Let us on to the land
That shines at the end of the quest,
Where they who passed from our side
Rest.

Death, who call'dst them away,
Now they are thine no more;
He who went through the vale
And drank of the cup before,
Is Master even of thee,
Yea, thou shalt fall at His word,
For He is, over us all,
Lord.

Or in the storm we strive,
And thou dost lurk in the strife,
Ever subtle and strong
In the very midst of life;
A touch, and the face we love
Loses the mystic spark;
We are left, in the lonely night,
Dark.

Yet we strive in the way,
For out of the storm a voice
Comes to us, clarion-sweet,
Bidding our souls rejoice:
"I am the Resurrection."
Hear what the White Christ saith;
He is thy Lord and Master,
Death!

—J. ELIZABETH GOSTUYCKE ROBERTS, in *Independent*.

Chase.—Philip Briggs Chase, beloved and respected by all who knew him, was born in Portsmouth, R. I., Feb. 3, 1818, and entered into rest from his home in his native town, Feb. 19, 1900.

Mr. Chase was an exemplary young man, an honor to one of the best families of Portsmouth. On Nov. 11, 1839, he was united in marriage with Miss Sarah Earle Cook, only daughter of William E. and Eunice Cook. As a family man he was always gentle and lovable. It has been frequently said that he was never known to exhibit anything like ill-temper.

Mr. Chase was received into full connection in the Methodist Episcopal Church, from probation, in 1842, during the pastorate of Rev. Charles Noble. He served his church faithfully and well in every official relation. As trustee he served thirty-one years, as chorister more than forty years, and as Sunday-school superintendent more than forty-five years. He was a regular attendant on the means of grace. He planned his work with reference to the mid-week prayer-meeting, to whose interest he greatly contributed; by song, prayer and testimony. It is difficult to convey an adequate conception of the moral and financial support which he rendered to the church of his choice. In times of discouragement he was calm, hopeful, firm and reliable. When deficiencies were to be "made up," he responded to the full extent of his ability. In his home the preacher always found a cordial welcome.

In 1860 he was made a Freemason, and was charter member of Eureka Lodge, No. 22, A. F. and A. M. From 1861 to 1869 he held the position of clerk of the town of Portsmouth, and also that of notary public. Great confidence was placed in his judgment, hence his advice was sought by young and old. To write the life of Philip B. Chase would be to write the history of his church and town for half a century, so closely was he identified with all their interests. He was a man of sterling character, strong convictions, even temperament, and lovable disposition.

The disease of which he died came on gradu-

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and drugs and doctors fail to cure you write to me, and I will send you free a trial package of a simple remedy, which cured me and thousands of others, among them cases of over 50 years' standing. This is no humbug or deception but an honest remedy that you can test without spending a cent. It recently cured a lady who had been an invalid for 53 years. Address

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ally. He understood its import, but looked beyond the grave with an unwavering trust and steadfast hope. When the end came, he sank peacefully into rest. He left a wife, eight children, and a large number of grandchildren to mourn their loss.

The funeral service was conducted by his pastor, Rev. Everett S. Hammond, assisted by former pastors, Revs. John M. Geisler and Benjamin F. Simon.

W. H. ALLEN.

Sawyer.—Ellen Blake Sawyer, the youngest daughter of Zebulon and Sarah Blake, was born in Detroit, Me., June 7, 1838, and died in Wilton, Me., June 24, 1900.

She was converted in her early childhood, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1867 she married Charles G. Sawyer, of Bangor, Me. Five years later they moved to Wilton, which has since been their home. Here they united with the Wilton Methodist Episcopal Church which has been her church home until she was translated to the church triumphant.

Mrs. Sawyer was a woman of sterling character and of deep and sincere piety. Her sunny nature was one of her chief characteristics, remaining with her and triumphing even in her last illness. She was active in all lines of church work, her special interest being centered in the missionary cause. For many years she was president of the W. F. M. S., her natural and cultivated talents making her a leader who easily found followers. The interment was in Lakeside Cemetery. "She, being dead, yet speaketh."

ARTHUR T. CRAIG.

Burbank.—Daniel Burbank passed to the glory land on June 5, 1900, peacefully ending the 86 years of life which were allotted to him.

Mr. Burbank was well known in Fitzwilliam, N. H., and by many friends and relatives outside of it. He was familiarly known as "Uncle Daniel." In earlier years he was the "ox trader" of this section, having handled hundreds of pairs of cattle, of which he was a good judge and an honest dealer. After marriage he settled near the home place where practically the rest of his days were spent. His first wife dying very suddenly, he later married Mrs. Dene Jackson, of Gardner, who for seventeen years was the most faithful and conscientious of companions, sparing not her own self in caring for him in his declining years and failing strength. Although these burdens were arduous, she bore them with exemplary Christian grace and patience, never complaining, but always joyful and cheerful. Although a great lover of the church of her choice—the Methodist Episcopal—she did not lose her faith nor interest in the cause by the enforced absence which her cares brought upon her.

"Uncle Daniel" was not converted till about forty years old, when he joined the Congregational Church in his native town—Fitzwilliam—and for many years was a faithful and helpful member, interested in both its temporal and spiritual affairs. After his second marriage he and his wife united with the Methodist church at Fitzwilliam Depot, where he remained till transferred to the church above. A great lover of good literature, of good men, and a true patriot, he spent much time with these subjects. His Bible preceded the morning paper in his daily program of reading. Some of the Psalms were very dear to him and were read daily, good sight being given him till the very last.

Two sons—L. H. of Fitzwilliam Depot and Edwards of Worcester—and several grandchildren, with other relatives, mourn the loss of a true father. Mrs. E. L. Stone and Otto Paris also owe much to him for being a father to them in all respects save that of blood relation.

GUY ROBERTS.

Case.—Marietta Stanley Case, wife of A. Willard Case, died at Highland Park, Conn., July 21, 1900.

She was born in Thompson, Conn., Aug. 22, 1845, and was the daughter of Edwin and Laura Carpenter Stanley. Her father was an honored member of the New England Southern Conference, and her mother a woman of great strength and rare equipoise of character. In childhood Marietta gave her heart to God and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was soon engaged in active work for the Master. As a teacher in the Sunday-school for years, and more recently as president of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, an active member of

the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, a leader in the Ladies' Aid Society, and a steward of the church, she has done a work for the South Manchester church which will never be forgotten. In the W. C. T. U. and in the Oxford Parish Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of which she was the organizer, her services were greatly appreciated.

Mrs. Case attended East Greenwich Academy, and at the early age of sixteen she began to teach school, teaching successfully at North Grosvenordale, Manchester, and New Bedford. Throughout life she has retained a deep interest in all intellectual movements. Her writings, read at meetings of the various societies with which she was identified, showed more than ordinary ability. Poems from her pen, which have appeared in ZION'S HERALD and various other publications, evince real poetic talent, and always maintain a high moral and spiritual tone.

On June 24, 1868, in New Bedford, Mass., she was united in marriage with Mr. A. Willard Case, and ever since their home has been at Highland Park, in the town of Manchester, Conn. It was in the home life that the beauty of her character was especially manifest. The fact that her husband is a successful manufacturer gave her not only the privilege of great benevolence, in which she rejoiced, but also gave her more time for outside work than falls to some women; but never was it done at the expense of the high privileges and duties of the wife and mother. Whoever entered that Christian home soon felt the charm of her beautiful character. She leaves her husband and their three children—Matie, wife of A. L. Crowell, of Boston; Laura Mabel, wife of J. N. Viot, of Highland Park; and Raymond Case, of Unionville.

J. I. BARTHOLOMEW.

Brown.—Nelson Brown was born in South Kingston, R. I., May 6, 1812, and died in Westerly, R. I., Aug. 5, 1900.

Mr. Brown was brought up in the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which he early became a communicant. He continued in its fellowship until something over thirty years ago, when a visit to the Willimantic Camp-meeting awakened his interest in the more definite Christian experience emphasized in Methodist teaching and preaching. From that time he threw his influence with the little band of Methodists, few in number and feeble in influence, who were holding their meetings in a private dwelling in Stillmanville. Mr. Brown hired a hall in the centre of the town, gathered a number of children together for a Sunday-school, and was soon rewarded with an extensive revival in which many were converted. On the death of his father, an ardent and devoted Episcopalian, Mr. Brown identified himself formally with the Methodist Church and gave liberally of his time, strength, and means for the support of the work of God. For a number of years he was recording steward of Grace Church, also a trustee, and was annually elected to represent the church in the Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting Association. For several

R.I.P.A.N.S

This world is but a world of woe
To all dyspeptic folks, I know;
But they can make the world seem
bright
By taking R-I-P-A-N-S morn and
night.

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years his advanced age and growing infirmities have deprived him of the privilege of attendance on the services of the church he loved; but he kept up his interest to the last and never tired of talking, with his pastor and friends, about the things that pertain to Christ and His kingdom. Anxious for the hour of his departure, the summons found him ready, and his end was peace.

Mr. Brown was married, in 1835, to Miss Hannah Thurston, of Hopkinton, with whom he lived, in the joy and happiness of this blessed fellowship, for almost fifty years. Four children were born to them, of whom three survive — Mrs. J. B. Slocum and A. N. Brown, both of Providence, R. I., and Mrs. G. T. Bacon, of Cottage City, Mass. He also leaves an only brother, Mr. Franklin Brown, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The funeral was held at Grace Church on Tuesday, Aug. 7, the services being conducted by Rev. J. E. Hawkins, a former pastor, and the undersigned.

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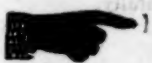
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Thrilling Description of the Bombardment of Tien-Tsin

[Continued from Page 1081.]

among the entire missionary force. This is distinctly providential.

The above has been written at intervals of hard work, watching and doing what could be done to assist in any and every capacity. As soon as there is any chance, we must get away all the women and children, both for their sakes and our own.

I will write as often as I can find time,
Yours faithfully, J. H. PYKE.

Tien-Tsin, China, July 3.

Since I last wrote there has been but little change in the military situation. A few more reinforcements have arrived, mostly Japanese and French. There are now in Tien-Tsin some 10,000 foreign troops. The east arsenal and powder works were taken one day last week and destroyed, for the most part. The Russians still hold it. All their magazines and arsenals in the north are now destroyed. The latter part of last week was very quiet, except for heavy picket firing at night, which makes it difficult to sleep soundly. Our property in Tien-Tsin is all safe yet. Mr. Hayner and family, Mrs. George Lowry and three children, Mr. Martin, Mr. Edward Lowry, and ourselves are all staying in this compound. We were out five nights, but when reinforcements came we returned. Mr. and Mrs. Hayner have been in the compound all the time except one day and night. Their little boy had a light attack of scarlet fever. As there was difficulty in finding comfortable quarters for safe quarantine, they preferred to return and take some risk rather than to be uncomfortable or endanger others with scarlet fever. We all protested in vain, and were much distressed for them, but the end justified their course.

We are still very anxious about Peking. The last news was several days ago, and they were then in great straits. Nothing can be done for their relief for some time yet. The summer

rains have set in, and the force here is too small to hold the place and send relief in such numbers as to insure success. There is a military order (or consular order) issued today notifying all women and children to repair at once to places of safety, such as cellars or other secure places, and to be ready to leave the place on short notice. A tug and launch or lighter will be provided to take them down the river, and the men-of-war will receive them until vessels can be provided to take them to Japan. My wife and four children, Mrs. George Lowry and three children, Mr. Hayner and family, will go to the United States soon, if not direct. Martin may go. I will stay and look after the refugees, members, preachers and families, and students, just as long as permitted to do so. I must wait, too, for the Peking people to receive and help them on their way. It may be we shall not see their faces again; but we are imploring the Lord of hosts, the God of battles, to deliver them out of the hand of the heathen, and our faith is strong and hope high. We know you are all joining us in our supplications.

How slow the nations are in sending troops, especially our own Government, which has plenty of men in the Philippines, only six or seven days distant! Judge of their disappointment, day after day, expecting relief will arrive, and it has not yet started, while the relief that started three weeks ago has returned. They do not yet know this. It makes us frantic here to think of it. There is strong talk of sending away all noncombatants except such as are able and willing to bear arms. I shall try to induce them to make an exception in my case, and persuade them to allow one or two of each Mission to remain. I should not mind bearing arms as far as able, or act as chaplain, but all the interests of the Mission are in my hands, and more than one hundred Chinese are dependent upon me for protection. But God will direct. His will be done! My heart stands still when I think what the reports from our country stations are likely to be.

Yours faithfully,

J. H. PYKE.

P. S.—I will issue credit drafts to all our people for home-going.

Tien-Tsin, China, July 9.

Several days have passed since I have found time to write you. The fighting is still going on here from day to day, without much advantage to either side. This morning a small battle has been going on to the west of the city. The Chinese have been trying to turn our left flank. A considerable force of infantry and a field battery went out during the night and engaged them early this morning, driving them back into the city or beyond. On the other hand, the Chinese guns are giving us the worst shelling we have had yet. One of the American Board houses is now burning, and the Methodist New Connexion chapel in the adjoining yard has just been struck two or three times. We are watching our houses, and have water ready. If one is struck, we will look after it immediately. As the settlement is such a large one, the Chinese gunners, without much skill, cannot but hit some house each shot. Reinforcements are daily and hourly expected, and we hope every day may be the last of this protracted fight. This is the twenty-second day, and as bad as any of the preceding, only we are sure they cannot take the foreign settlement. But we know that we cannot have peace until we have possession of the city and guns, with a fort or two.

Last week (Wednesday) the authorities asked that all the women and children be sent away. A launch and lighter were provided, and a guard, with a Maxim gun, was made ready, and Thursday at 11.30 A. M. we saw all our families off. Mrs. Pyke and our four children, Mrs. George Lowry with three children, Mr. and Mrs. Hayner and three children, from our Mission; Dr. Stevenson, Miss Wilson, Miss Glover, Miss Croucher, Miss Shockey, of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society; all the ladies of the American Board Mission and the London Mission; ladies from the consular service, merchant and customs, have all gone, until very few ladies remain, and no children. I gave Mrs. Pyke \$1,300 in credit drafts, Mrs. Lowry \$800, Mr. Hayner \$800, Miss Wilson \$700, and Miss Croucher \$100. The banks were not open, and I could do nothing but issue credit drafts. It was necessary for some one to go with the ladies and children. Mr. Hayner wanted me to go, and he would stay; but the business was still in my hands. I am more familiar with it, and am better acquainted here and with the Chinese. Mr. Martin insisted on staying with me, but really he ought to have gone with the others, and must go soon; there is nothing here for him to do.

Mr. E. K. Lowry is here, and while waiting for his wife, who is in Peking, helps with all there is to do, which is to look after one hundred or more of our Chinese refugees, care for the property as best we can, keep the few accounts, and patiently wait for the relief of Peking and Tien-Tsin. Dr. Hopkins wrote that he was coming to help as soon as his family was settled and he could get here. Do not send anybody out from home until you hear peace is made, or hear from us here that Tien-Tsin and Peking are wholly in possession of foreign troops and quiet. Even then no women and children should come. There will be no mission work, no homes, unless one or two here should escape. It will most likely be one to two years before we can start up again, and then it will be almost entirely *de novo*, I fear.

About my family. They must rent a small house somewhere and keep house. They have nothing to begin with, and I cannot send anything to them nor sell here so as to send them money. Please send Mrs. Pyke \$350 on account of third quarter's salary, and if you could advance her \$250 to furnish the house and get the family some clothing, it would be very acceptable. She ought to have \$200 or more left over out of what I gave her. This should be deducted. Mrs. Lowry will need help, as she has nothing with her. Both she and the Hayners have probably lost everything. You will learn all by correspondence. We should be able to save something out of the appropriations the latter half of the year to apply on these extra expenses, such as home-goings, etc.

I have advised the women and children to go home, as there is no place in China where they can be safe for long, and to go elsewhere and rent and furnish houses or board would be too expensive, and, besides, there is little prospect of an early return. I will stay on as long as permitted, or until you designate some one to relieve me.

There is still no news of Peking. We cannot but be very anxious about them. Humanly speaking, there is but little hope. But "God is their refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble." And He is ours. I am often much comforted in praying for them. I am sure the whole church remembers them daily. There is a rumor that all have been taken in charge by one of the princes, and he has them in his palace. I give it for what it is worth.

Yours faithfully,

J. H. PYKE.